

AA0003762332



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

*Norman*



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

11111/

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



THREE DAYS AT KILLARNEY;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

---

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND  
GREEN.

---

1828.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY SAMUEL MANNING AND CO.  
LONDON-HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

PR

4809

H55t

## PREFACE.

---

A FEW words will convey all that appears necessary to be observed relative to the following Poems.

Three days spent at Killarney in the summer of 1827, gave rise to the Poem so called in this Volume: in which a separate Canto is allotted to the employments of each day. The scenery and the incidents are delineated correctly as they occurred; the legends and the superstitions are those of the place and country; and the sketches of national and individual character are given with studious fidelity.

To the EARL of KENMARE the most grateful acknowledgments are due from every tourist, for the facilities which his admirable regulations afford

A 2

824781

to the visitors of Killarney : and the Author feels himself under great obligation for the politeness which he experienced, and the valuable information respecting the scenery and phenomena of the Shannon, which he received, during the stag-hunt, from the KNIGHT of GLYNN.

Though ‘Cambusean’ is but a fragment, yet the time will not perhaps be thought totally misapplied, which has been occupied in an endeavour to render the public more familiar with a tale admired by Spencer and by Milton. The friendly interest with which LORD CHURCHILL perused this attempt in manuscript, is one of the innumerable kindnesses conferred by him upon the Author, during a period of four and twenty years.

With regard to the ‘Elias Hydrochous ;’ nothing beyond a hint from the title has been borrowed from the Milton manuscript, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge ; and called by Bishop Mansel, the Palladium of the College.

*Overton,*

*Near Marlbro’.*



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
KILLARNEY :—	
Day 1st. . . . .	1
Day 2nd. . . . .	29
Day 3rd. . . . .	59
 CAMBUSCAN ; or, The SQUIRE'S TALE : modernised	
from CHAUCER . . . . .	93
 ELIAS HYDROCHOUS ; a SACRED DRAMA . . . . .	125



KILLARNEY.



FIRST DAY.



# KILLARNEY.

---

## DAY FIRST.

---

### I.

WHERE Erin ramparts out the western deep  
With Kerry's mountain realm and rocky shore,  
Dismay and solitude their vigil keep,  
'Mid darkness, hurricane, and thunder's roar.  
In vision round them throng the days of yore,  
Departed saints and heroes they behold,  
And shudder at traditionary lore,  
By unimaginable heralds told,  
Who deeds of other years and other worlds unfold.

## II.

Such the stern mood of thunder and of night,  
Where Brandon Hill frowns awful on Tralee,  
Or Kerry Head uprears his cloudy height,  
And in defiance breasts the raging sea.  
But atmospheres serene have charms for me,  
And daylight sparkling on the Emerald Isle,  
Where Nature in her bounty wantons free,  
Till all Elysium springing at her smile,  
O'er cliff, o'er mead, o'er dell the lengthened march  
beguile.

## III.

Awake, young pilgrim, mark, how paints the dawn  
With varied hues Killarney's fairy reign,  
Where castellated rock and abbeyed lawn,  
And island groves adorn the liquid plain;  
While margining the triple lake's domain,  
Far as the southward gazer can descry,  
Forests and towering steeps in far-drawn train  
Mingle their vastness with the clouds on high,  
Like steps by which the soul ascends into the sky.

## IV.

What shade, what coolness, in the embowering wood,  
Around Bellevue, beneath the templed brow  
Of Aghadoe ; where ages long hath stood  
The round-tower's mystery<sup>(a)</sup>. Mark the ruddy  
    glow  
Of youth and age, in never ending flow,  
That to the eventful contest wend their way,  
Where fate, and judges of the field, must shew  
If England or Hibernia win the day :  
Sure prelude to carouse, to song, debate and fray.

## V.

They start, they fly, they come<sup>(b)</sup>—the course is  
    done :  
The chorus of wild triumph rides the air  
In uproar : the Milesian steed hath won ;  
And even the loser hath a heart to share  
That universal joy ;—but, O, beware  
The witchery of the turf—the mirth it brings  
Is harbinger to ruin and despair,  
Bears off estate and fame on harpy wings,  
And like an adder bites, and like a scorpion stings.

## VI.

Escaped from such Charybdis, by the bridge  
Of Searvagh-Killin speed we to the stream  
Of Lein, while gathering storms from Toomies' ridge  
Roll downward (murky as the night-mare's dream)  
With here and there a brief and doubtful gleam.  
Even so unlooked-for sorrows oft deface  
The morn of youth, and dim its orient beam ;  
For not on earth hath man his resting-place ;  
Where wanderers are we all, and all must run the race,

## VII.

Through time and death's dominion, to the close  
Of nature, when the trumpet calls to doom.  
But much awry our speculation goes  
If present need we miss : the tempest's womb  
Is bursting on the mountains, and the gloom  
Dissolves in smoking deluges around,  
That heaven and earth in one vast night entomb :  
And cleft of rock, or cavern under ground,  
Must be our shelter now, if shelter may be found.



## VIII.

Thus halting, look to where Macarthy More,  
With arm unconquerable, upheld his reign,  
And welcoming the battle's fierce uproar,  
Stood like a lonely island of the main,  
Whose adamantine boundaries disdain  
The billow and the blast. For never quailed  
The heart of Erin ; never shall a train  
Of gallant sons be wanting, robed or mailed,  
To grace her in repose, or guard her if assailed.

## IX.

O, my loved Erin! couldst thou brook the curb  
Of order and of law, how blest wert thou :  
For then should no intestine broil disturb  
Thy peace ; nor vain repining cloud thy brow.  
Theirs the reproach and guilt who better know,  
Yet false alarums ring to party rage ;  
And bid thee with unhallowed ardour glow,  
Sully with deeds of blood thine history's page,  
And for imagined wrongs eternal warfare wage.

## X.

'The sun returns ; haste on, my friend ; behold,  
Where yawns Dunlow's abyss the crags between.  
Well may the bosom heave, the blood run cold,  
And the knee tremble. 'Mid this gulf hath been  
The hand, the visitation of the Unseen,  
In majesty of horror :—list !—no sound ;  
Look up—no life, no vestiges of green.  
Solitude, desolation all around,  
And cloud-capt peaks that gird the unfathomable  
profound.

## XI.

Yet terror call it not, but stern delight,  
To gaze upon such chaos : while the mind  
Apart from her intralling clay takes flight,  
In adoration soaring unconfined.  
What error theirs, to happiness how blind,  
Who measure all by sense, reserve no room  
Within the heart for thought of loftier kind,  
But slumber in forgetfulness and gloom,  
Till bursts upon their heads the thunder-peal of doom.

## XII.

A wilderness like this, the Tishbite seer  
Explored in Horeb, when Jehovah sent,  
Before his mercy-seat, the dread career  
Of whirlwind, that the rocks and mountains rent.  
Then quivered earth, then blazed the firmament :  
But wind, nor fire, nor earthquake was the shrine  
That veiled the glory of the Omnipotent.  
For, hark ! the still small voice, mysterious sign  
Of God within the breast, and colloquy divine.

## XIII.

Genius of Contemplation ! not in scorn  
Do we adventure, nor with breath profane,  
To pour a soul into the mellow horn,  
And wake the marvels of thy lonely reign.  
A voice, we know not whence, repeats the strain ;  
A thousand tongues, invisible, reply  
In mimic note again, and yet again ;  
Till faint in distance the sweet echoes die,  
Like reascending choirs of angels to the sky.

## XIV.

They are but sounds ; yet not in vain we lend  
To sounds so worthy paradise an ear :  
We catch their inspiration, and ascend  
In fantasy's immeasurable career,  
Beyond the lunar ball and starry sphere,  
To where the cherubim and seraphim  
Hold jubilee throughout the eternal year,  
In choral ecstasies of praise to Him  
Before whose sight the heavens and all their hosts are  
dim.

## XV.

O might it be for ever thus !—too soon  
The bond of sense corporeal checks our flight  
And drags us down, to climb, in blaze of noon,  
The vast abrupt of wonder and affright,  
By lake, by stream, or buried under height  
Of rocks that nod, impending to their fall.  
Unmingled good is not for mortal wight :  
Toil, pain, vicissitude, must come to all  
Who on terrestrial orb, poor feeble emmets crawl.

## XVI.

And is there not a cause ?—Think how began  
The world's first pilgrimage of youth and joy,  
When frailty-free arose imperial man,  
God's image, heir of peace without alloy.  
Alas ! that sin should enter, and annoy  
The bliss of Eden, troubling the serene,  
With hopes that cheat, and pleasures that destroy.  
Sithence hard task for dicipline hath been,  
From transitory toys the unwilling soul to wean.

## XVII.

Clambering aloft, we bound, we walk, we creep,  
Mile after mile, from rocky stair to stair ;  
Till now advancing toward the topmost steep,  
And elevate beyond the reach of care,  
Heaven's vestibule we tread. Yet signs there are  
Even here of habitation : smoke-wreaths blue,  
Beneath yon rock denote some uncouth lair ;  
Perchance of one who wealth and grandeur knew,  
Yet voluntary thence to holy rest withdrew.

## XVIII.

Ah, no ! a sorceress here (so rumour tells)  
Whose alchemies the bearded grain transmute,  
In limbec and retort concocts the spells,  
That travesty the human to the brute :  
Yet such the gust of interdicted fruit,  
That though her victims dwindle and wax pale,  
Day after day, her threshold they salute,  
To quaff her mountain-dew's (c) insidious bale,  
Whereof, who deeply drinks, the draught shall sorely  
wail.

## XIX.

For think not this the pearly moisture cool,  
Ambrosial, dropping from the wheels of morn :  
It is a wicked dew, that will befool  
And send thee forth, of strength and reason shorn,  
A dolt, an ape, the laughing-stock of scorn !  
Be not enamoured of contempt and blame,  
Pluck not the rose that bears so sharp a thorn ;  
Touch not—or if thou hast, thy grasp reclaim,  
Nor thus for poison truck, health, competence and fame.

## XX.

She comes—in semblance of a withered crone,  
Goblet in hand. “Tired stranger, drink,” she cries ;  
“Unhappy he, who on himself alone,  
“Oblivious of elixir’s aid, relies :”  
But heed her not ; be temperate, and be wise ;  
Yet courteous in thy wisdom, lightly taste :  
A sparing use exhilarates, fortifies,  
And dancing in the veins, repairs the waste  
Of stumble, stride, and leap, strained sinew, heat  
and haste.

## XXI.

At length, upon the summit ridge we stand,  
Whence vision strains to search the depth below :  
Before, behind us, and on either hand,  
Are valley, tarn and cliff—the torrent’s flow—  
And mountains over-arched with pluvial bow.  
These are the temple : here, to swell the song  
Of Nature, thunders roar and tempests blow,  
Till from mortality’s self-blinded throng  
The summoned spirit soar, and heaven-ward sail along.

## XXII.

“ Good is it to be here ;” the Apostle cried,  
Who on the mount Messiah’s glory saw :  
And good it were that we too should abide  
Sequestered thus, if in religious awe,  
We could from guilt as from the world withdraw,  
No duty shunned, no sacrifice unpaid  
To social good, to Gospel, or to Law.  
But flowers of amaranth spring not in the shade,  
And Faith, Hope, Charity, are but a vain parade

## XXIII.

In him, whose sour abstraction to the cell  
Of malcontent misanthropy retires,  
Forgetting and forgotten, there to dwell,  
Cumbering the ground. Far other thought inspires  
High heaven, far other holocaust desires ;  
And the prime record of Redemption’s plan  
Gave oracle what service he requires :  
For thus in Bethlehem fields the hymn began—  
“ Glory to God on high, good-will and peace to man !”



## XXIV.

Descend we to the world again—a fall,  
Precipitate ; save here and there between,  
A marshy ledge, besprent with rushes tall,  
Gave change of peril. Frequent might be seen  
The myrtle of the bog, whose foliage green  
Steams on the grasp a cloud of fragrance rare :  
So virtue when opprest hath ever been  
In sight of heaven, the more approved and fair ;  
A balsam beyond price, a pearl above compare.

## XXV.

Our boat was ready on the wild lake's shore,  
Manned with a courteous and a gallant crew :  
Young Leary, skilful at the feathering oar,  
And Darby Connor, trowsered spruce in blue ;  
The heart into the sinews Roberts threw,  
And Tehan stoutly tugged the boat along,  
Though on his forehead time some furrows drew.  
Cheered with the bugle, repartee and song,  
Together all they pulled, a lengthened stroke and  
strong.

## XXVI.

Safely we steered with Fleming at the helm :  
Foul shame it were, had Fleming past unsung,  
The pride, the phoenix of Killarney's realm,  
Cool, temperate, watchful ; on whose lips, though  
    young,  
Authority, and mingled kindness, hung.  
Connal our minstrel was, a peerless guide,  
Though law's rough saddle once his withers wrung  
For hasty speech :—can ever good betide,  
When passion and pooten in reason's room preside ?

## XXVII.

What amplitude of mountains circling round,  
How sleeps the lake beneath yon rocky wall !  
Speak not ; nor breathe—let no unhallowed sound  
The consecrated solitude appal :  
For what though every where and over all  
Omnific presence rule, unheard, unseen ?—  
A sterner voice and a diviner call,  
In crag and wilderness hath ever been ;  
Rebuking the gay stir of vanities terrene.

## XXVIII.

Condensed around the upland of the Boar, (*d*)  
The vapours blacken; and the winds pipe loud :  
And shagged with storm, 'mid elemental roar,  
The mountain, like a giant in his shroud,  
Scowls through the veil of darkness and of cloud.  
Poor mortal! wilt thou dream of pomp and power—  
Has glory charms? are earth and ashes proud?  
Look round thee, shrink from the wide-wasting  
    shower;  
And own thyself at most, the pageant of an hour.

## XXIX.

Along the current, that meandering steals  
Into the lake of Lein, we wound our way  
Through grim defile, to where the eagle wheels  
Round the rock-cradled mansion of his sway,  
Or sun-ward culminates. In elfin play  
The many-throated echoes there repeat,  
From east and west, from high and low, the lay;  
Swell in advance, or languish in retreat:  
Sweet beyond art, beyond imagination sweet.

## XXX.

But if a bold adventurer provoke  
The paterero's thunderbolt of sound,  
It flames—it blasts;—recoiling from the stroke,  
Earth reels—the aërial ridge, the chasm profound,  
Long peal of dread artillery rebound.  
Turk calls on M̄angerton ; and o'er the height  
Of Cromagloun the battle-roar flies round,  
Recedes, returns, redoubles left and right,  
And all things are confusion, uproar, and affright.

## XXXI.

Scared by the deafening turbulence, we fled ;  
The demons of the wild, with mop and moe,  
And hideous hubbub, scoffing at our dread,  
And hanging on our rear. At length the foe,  
Relenting into silence, let us go ;  
Nor dragged us backward to their goblin den,  
In that deep world of wonder and of woe ;  
Where once immured in cavern or in fen,  
We never more had known sun, moon, or face of men.

## XXXII.

Beneath the bridge, and by the pleasant coast  
Of Dinas isle, the rapids bore us down ;  
The while our navigators made their boast  
Of Boatman's-Hall, and fair Killarney town ;  
And how, amid the pendent groves that crown  
Turk's northern side, the giants dwelt of old ;  
And how strange misadventure foiled the clown,  
Who rashly dived to that subaqueous hold,  
Where snarls the spectre hound to guard the crocks  
of gold.

## XXXIII.

But now, without dimension, without form,  
A dark confusion overspread the day ;  
Conglomeration huge of cloud and storm,  
That on us pounced, like leopard on his prey,  
And like a debtor dunned we scoured away.  
Yet, sudden though the flurry, fierce its power,  
The timely refuge of a sheltered bay  
Glena bestowed ; where in umbrageous bower  
Securely we contemned the pelting of the shower.

## XXXIV.

Looking to where Lough Lein's thick-clustering isles  
In labyrinth of loveliness are spread,  
We little dreamed of fortune's wanton wiles,  
Or diadem impending o'er our head.  
Such the career of life : so are we led,  
Unknowing wherefore, when, or whither bound,  
On what new errand, what new clime to tread.  
In truth and virtue certainty is found ;  
All mention of it else were but an empty sound.

## XXXV.

Among our company was one, whose name  
Maternal marked him of a lineage rare,  
Erst in Ierna, of toparchal fame,  
Whose antique appellation to declare  
Orthography and verse at variance are ;  
Though once (unless tradition fable be)  
They conquered from Killarney to Kenmare :  
Whence vests in him, from that high pedigree,  
Of six-and-thirty isles, the principality.

## XXXVI.

But what avail us arable or down,  
Till on them drop the fatness of the shower ?  
Or toil and talent, till occasion crown  
Their energies, and fortune grant the dower ?  
The ascendant must be waited, and the hour,  
Ere astrolabe detect the favouring sign ;  
And even of genealogy and power,  
What deem we, till their bounties warm and shine ?  
Mere pearls within the shell, mere diamonds in the  
mine !

## XXXVII.

Such thought revolving, thus the prince began.  
Strangers of England ! whose far-searching mind  
Hath sent you to survey the modes of man,  
What passions prompt him, and what sanctions bind  
In these rude wilds—reception shall ye find,  
Such as the wanderer and the guest may crave :  
For we avouch, and ever have opined,  
That honour is the birth-right of the brave,  
And gifts distinguish best the sovereign from the slave !

## XXXVIII.

Ye both are welcome, and ye both employ  
Alike our care : yet let not age think blame,  
If youth (for youth has longer to enjoy)  
Be chosen to taste our bounty, and proclaim  
To the four winds our hospitable fame.  
An isle of yonder archipelago  
His sceptre shall receive, and bear his name :  
That we and all our ancestors may show  
How well to win allies, and grace desert we know.

## XXXIX.

He added not : and as his words had end,  
The brightening æther gave auspicious sign ;  
And the young chief-elect prepared to bend  
His cares on royalty, and how to shine  
The founder of a long imperial line.  
Straight we embarked ; while the subsiding breeze,  
The emerging sun, the temperature benign,  
Foreboded quiet rule, unbroken ease ;  
Invaders none without, within no rapparees.



## XL.

The destined appanage (like modest worth)  
Was little known; untilled as yet and bare,  
Save where the red-stemmed arbutus hung forth,  
Fruitage and flower at once, adorning fair  
Each limestone crevice. How shall art compare  
Her fading hues to that perennial green !  
As well might vice and ignorance hope to share  
With wisdom in the happiness serene,  
That converse holds in heaven, and looks to things  
unseen.

## XLI.

Anon we landed ; and the unconscious isle  
Received its future lord, and took his name  
With ceremonial given and mingled stile  
Of Erse and Latian tongue, as well became  
Killarney's lettered sept, and classic fame.  
Then was libation made : and three times three,  
The cheers of loyalty and loud acclame,  
Taught lake and mountain to repeat with glee,  
Prosperity and peace to that new dynasty !

## XLII.

The investiture, in record duly penned,  
That night the donor's coronal must grace ;  
And each a twig of arbutus must bend,  
And on his brow the verdant chaplet place,  
In reverence and memorial. Erin's race  
With fanciful fond pastime thus recal,  
Of domination past each fleeting trace,  
That in secluded walk, or crowded hall,  
May soothe their solitude, or glad their carnival.

## XLIII.

A lofty race they are, of kindred soul  
To the hot sun; yet listening in delight,  
And homage, to persuasion's mild control :  
But he who thwarts them, or invades their right,  
Had better beard a lion in his might.  
Strong as the bison, agile as the roe,  
Prompt in the gibe, and prompter in the fight;  
To benefit a friend, or quell a foe,  
Through pain, toil, peril, fire, and water will they go.

## XLIV.

The day declines : a lengthening dusk is thrown  
Along the lake, on castle, rock, and glade,  
Saddening the hue of Rabbit Island brown,  
And Inisfallen's wilderness of shade;  
And where the truant imp, the frolic blade,  
Whom 'Paddy Blake' the men of Kerry call,  
Lurks by the tower of Ross in ambuscade,  
Mocks instrument of speech, song, laughter, brawl,  
Gives audience day and night, and challenges from all

## XLV.

Accepts ; and, after grave deliberate pause,  
Each inarticulate or articulate sound  
Rehearses, note by note, or clause by clause ;  
And laughs to hear philosophy profound  
The causes of his merriment expound.  
Yet is he but an atom of the chain,  
In which the circling elements are bound  
By Him whose fiat framed, whose hands sustain  
Earth and the firmament, and multitudinous main.

## XLVI.

Our voyage done, awhile upon the strand  
In meditation mark we the serene  
Of soft religious twilight, mantling land  
And water, the gray cliff, the forest green,  
In melancholy and gloom, till all between  
Be mingled with the horizon towering high,  
Save (where the lake's dark windings intervene)  
In rude inverted grandeur we espy  
The solemn mountain-wall reflected to the sky.

## XLVII.

Meantime, in majesty from pole to pole  
Progressing, the magnificence of night  
Illumines one by one, and bids to roll  
From orient to the west, the infinite  
Of stellar fires. So, when all earth's delight  
Is darkened and withdrawn, Faith lends her wing,  
New worlds, new paradises bless the sight,  
And angel hierarchies are heard to sing,  
Where lamps in emblem burn before the Eternal King.

## XLVIII.

Nor angels only ; every orb a voice  
Re-echoes : ocean, air, and the dry ground,  
The sun and moon, the day and night rejoice ;  
Wind, storm, and time, and seasons in their round  
Fulfil his bidding, and his praise resound.  
And if, beneath the shadow of death, where pine  
Sorrow and sin, if thus, even there, be found  
A glimpse, an image of the bliss divine ;  
If through mortality's thick cloud such radiance shine,

## XLIX.

What then shall be the glory when the alloy  
Of sense and appetite, of guilt and fear,  
At once dissolving into life and joy,  
Lets in the vision of the empyreal sphere,  
The blaze of heaven's irrevoluble year ?  
Such on the banks of Jordan was the flight  
Of fiery steeds and chariot, the career  
Of whirlwind bearing from Elisha's sight  
His master, to the throne of inexpressive light.

## L.

Perchance we murmur at our scanty dole  
Of knowledge, and would foreign climes explore ;  
Invade the frozen desert of the pole,  
Or breath the fragrance of Arabia's shore ;  
Or search the sculptured mountains of Ellore ;  
On Himalaya tempt the secret hall  
Of Typhon, and the death-winged thunder's roar,  
With summer fly round this terraqueous ball,  
And keep each month alike the sun's bright festival.

## LI.

But nobler were it, from Jove's moons to view  
His huge circumference filling all the sky,  
The darkling flight of Uranus pursue,  
And if above such height ascending high,  
Some exiled planet undiscovered lie,  
On that strange watch-tower to sit specular,  
Or on the comet ride infinity,  
And wandering o'er creation, see from far  
The glorious orb of day diminished to a star.

## LII.

Even this were little—to the just is given  
A loftier range, a kingdom more sublime ;  
The inviolable sanctuary of heaven,  
Where never doubt, nor ignorance, nor crime,  
Where never sorrow or dismay can climb.  
Transfigured into light, they leave below  
The narrow boundaries of space and time,  
And up the everlasting mountains go,  
Where bliss unutterable, nor pause, nor end shall  
know.

END OF DAY FIRST.





KILLARNEY.



DAY SECOND.



# KILLARNEY.

---

## DAY SECOND.

---

### I.

FITLY the patriarch sought the inspiring power  
Of meditation at the close of day ;  
And mystery hath marked it for the hour  
Of sacrifice, wherein to watch and pray.  
Then angel visitation made assay  
Of Abraham's faith and hospitable rite,  
Then rested the Creator to survey  
The six days' work maturing in his sight,  
The illuminated, formed, and peopled infinite.

## II.

Even the gay worldling feels the touch of awe,  
While in repose the winds and waters lie,  
While day, and all day's vanities withdraw,  
And as the twilight muffles earth and sky,  
Colour and form, and sound and motion die :  
For in that gloom and stillness is the sign  
Of adoration, mute, yet heard on high,  
Praise universal to the Power divine,  
Creation bending low before Jehovah's shrine.

## III.

But what of time or place ? It is the fire  
Within the heart, lights up the jubilee  
Of faith and hope. The prophet could retire  
Each day, undaunted by the king's decree,  
From care, from Babylon, from empire free.  
With foes and danger compassed round, even then,  
Though death was in the act, he bent the knee,  
Indifferent to the praise or blame of men,  
The burning fiery furnace, or the lion's den.

## IV.

When sail the constellations and the moon  
Along the depth of midnight atmosphere,  
Or when the full resplendency of noon  
Oppresses vision, Him acknowledge there,  
Who light and dark distributes, month and year ;  
On him alone in heaven and earth rely,  
Him without change, and without end revere,  
Enthroned above all domination high,  
Unknown, yet ever felt ; unseen, yet ever nigh.

## V.

Nor less we find a language in the morn,  
A monitor in the return of day,  
An emblem in the joy to be new born  
From darkness to the sun's all-cheering ray,  
In every sight and sound a call to pay  
The matin orison. Let heart and head,  
Let hand and voice that oracle obey :  
Give every thought to heaven ; and from the bed  
Of indolence arise, as rising from the dead.

## VI.

This done, beneath the sylvan colonnade,  
That eastward skirts the lake, we wind along ;  
Screened by an avenue of chequered shade,  
Green as the groves of oriental song,  
Where Caliphs wander, or where Genii throng  
The bowers of Paradise. How bright a gleam  
Incessant flickers the dusk leaves among :  
So Heaven accords an interposing beam  
Of mercy and of truth to life's lugubrious dream.

## VII.

Fair stream of Flesk ! but mutable as fair,  
Dependent on the chances of an hour ;  
This moment mild, translucent, debonair,  
The next, impatient of the storm and shower,  
All foam and fury, turbulence and power.  
How dost thou picture forth our joy and woe,  
Virtues that bless, and passions that devour ;  
Till comes the last and liberating throe,  
And round about the streets the pomps of mourn-  
ing go !

## VIII.

Welcome the close peninsular recess,  
Whose groves and thickets from the heat invite ;  
Whose cool, whose dew, whose quietude, we bless,  
Impervious to the sun's meridian height,  
Each thickening shade increasing the delight.  
Sour ringlets there betray the fairy hand,  
The foot-print and the gambol of each sprite,  
That greets the moon by water or by land,  
Dances on lawn, or skims the furrows of the strand.

## IX.

But hush—and either name them not at all,  
(For best they love a reverence taciturn),  
Or “neighbours” them, or “the good people” call :  
For once provoked, they quick retort the spurn ;  
Spavin thy cattle, or thy corn-ricks burn ;  
For thee in pale sublunar foray prowl,  
And toss thee on the tempest of the churn,  
Hang thee like bacon-flitch in smoke to howl,  
Or roast thee like a crab, and plunge in gossip's bowl

## X.

They love in cavern or in mine to dwell,  
They love upon the hurricane to ride ;  
Or wander fog-borne over moor and fell,  
Or from the beetling promontory glide,  
To look for shipwrecks on the heaving tide.  
Lay, legend, cry of Banshee, they prolong,  
Peopling with echoes every mountain side ;  
And breathe the spells of poetry and song,  
In melodies that mourn and die the clouds among.

## XI.

But longer in such reverie to rove  
Befits not, near the consecrated pile,  
That chastening with religious awe the grove,  
To penitence and mourning gave asyle  
In ages past from misery and from guile.  
A symbol of hereafter, of repose  
Where sorrow cannot wound, nor sin defile :  
Forgiven and forgotten all our foes ;  
The trial past, and joy unspeakable the close.



## XII.

'Thy towers, forsaken Mucruss ! to the poor  
Were once of hospitable aid the sign,  
And, daily crowding through yon ample door  
In serried files, came pilgrims to the shrine.  
But time at leisure now may undermine  
The pillar, and deface the mouldering wall,  
And every pinnacle with ivy twine :  
'The burial rite alone remains of all  
That once was crosier, chant, high-mass and festival.

## XIII.

And who can blame the peasant if he mourn  
Even yet in fond remembrance of the past ;  
If even in death he cling to the sojourn  
Of all his ancestors, or wish at last  
His own remains beside them may be cast ?  
And if he think the virtue of such grave  
May shorten purgatory's fiery fast,  
Pity his error, and its pardon crave  
From Him who reigns above, Omnipotent to save !

## XIV.

Look through the portal—nave and choir, and tomb,  
Stained with the damp, and strewn with many a  
bone,  
And wrapt at every step in denser gloom,  
To silence and to solitude bemoan  
Their fallen estate : one narrow arch alone,  
At utmost distance, marks with feeble ray,  
The sanctuary's recess, and chiselled stone.  
So through the dun obscure of life we stray,  
Yet welcome at the end a gleam of heavenly day.

## XV.

What groans of dole and penance once dismayed  
Yon cloister, buried from the sun and air,  
Beneath the central yew-tree's giant shade!  
Here hath the guilt-o'erburdened solitaire  
Mused, till remorse was deepened to despair :  
Here saints have fought their agonizing fight,  
With anguish and temptation, doubt and care,  
Till in the beatific trance of light  
The world and the world's woe vanished from their  
sight.

## XVI.

The grass grows rankly, and the saplings wave  
O'er hall and dormitory, porch and cell ;  
Each passage is a den, each aisle a cave :  
But who shall tempt the vaults, or dare to tell  
What inmates there of unknown horror dwell ?  
How sighs the breeze, how languishes the day ;  
What tenderness, what pain in the farewell  
To these dismantled gates and turrets gray,  
Once dedicate to heaven, still reverend in decay.

## XVII.

But hence we must—it yet remains to scale  
The mountain, ere obstruction intervene  
Of haze or tempest ; gradual from the vale  
We mount, and gradual fades the smooth moist  
    green  
To rough, adust, and barren.   So between  
Ambition's early toil and late success  
No path is to be found of peace serene :  
The more our eminence, the comfort less,  
Till the whole world at length be one drear wilderness.

## XVIII.

What change upon the hills ! unclouded now,  
On the pure bosom of the sky reclined ;  
Now in a moment round each furrowed brow  
With what a chain invisible they bind  
The vapours borne beside them on the wind ;  
Then cast the mantle off, then closer draw,  
Above, below, before them, and behind,  
Till all be turbulence, and winter's flaw,  
Such as on Appenine the Punic chieftain saw,

## XIX.

And owned the ruin of the Alps outdone,  
Yet still the darkness fluctuates : and again  
Like a vast curtain rises, while the sun,  
Looking abroad in victory, pours amain  
The deluge of his beams o'er lake and plain.  
So when the tempter prompts, and passions fell  
Make war on duty, frenzy clouds the brain,  
Till the bright Sun of righteousness dispel  
The foul distemperature, and all again be well.

## XX.

Up Mangerton we go : from prospect wide  
To wider, and from pure to purer air,  
The horizon opening as the hills subside,  
And distance softening down the rude and bare,  
As hope and memory picture all things fair.  
Buoyed up with expectation and with glee,  
We take no thought of labour or of care,  
The spirits lighter, and the limbs more free,  
And half the burden dropped of gross mortality.

## XXI.

Nor pause we, till the crater's edge we gain,  
The goblet named of Lucifer ; a mound  
Of curving precipice, wherein the drain  
From cloud and fountain feeds the pool profound  
That mantles in the midst. Here let the sound  
Of bugle to blithe echo wind the call :  
And, hark ! the repercussive heights around,  
Harmonious in contention, answer all ;  
And long vibrations ring through their aërial hall

## XXII.

One effort more, and highest of the high,  
Near the rude cairn, we breathe empyreal air :  
Above, the deep cerulean of the sky,  
Beneath, a boundless cirque of prospect fair ;  
Turk, and the Reeks, and Iveragh's ridges bare,  
Lakes, rivers, meadows, woods, and mountains blue,  
Bantry and Castlemaine, and wild Kenmare ;  
'Till on th' horizon, outline, site, and hue,  
Together blending, fade in dusk and doubt from view.

## XXIII.

Pausing at every step, along the ridge  
That over-hangs the concave on we stray,  
Till now the rugged rampart like a bridge  
Bestrides vacuity, and leads the way  
Where right and left, astounded we survey  
The vast abruption. Reconnoitring slow  
Lest the steep verge thy careless feet betray,  
Behold the horse's glen ; approach the brow,  
Recoil not, shrink not from the fearful depth below,

## XXIV.

But brace each nerve and cast a downward eye,  
Where'mid the chasm, engulfed in waste and gloom,  
Far, far beneath, the dismal waters lie,  
And all around them, rock and heath and broom  
Usurp dominion, leaving scanty room  
Between the tarn and crag for one soft green  
Of pasturage in the shattered wreck of doom  
And deluge, where the ravages are seen  
Of vengeance yet ; where peace and hope have never  
    been.

## XXV.

Look ; but for safety to the heather cling :  
Forbear discourse, and let no lighter tone  
Of melody invoke the mountain king,  
(f) But one deep supplicating sigh alone  
Be breathed ;—he hears,—he answers,—the low  
    groan  
Of wild re-murmured sorrow awes the dell :  
Again, more faint, the melancholy moan  
Is heard of loneliness and fear to tell ;  
And fainter yet again scarce whispers the farewell.

## XXVI.

It is a sadness like the dying beam  
Of day, the knell when passing spirits go ;  
The strangely-blent vagaries of a dream,  
Where present, past and future, friend and foe,  
The near, the distant, hurry to and fro,  
Mingling in shapes that earth can never yield,  
Vicissitude and voyage, weal and woe:  
Brief images of things from knowledge sealed  
Of mortals, yet in part and shadow thus revealed.

## XXVII.

Even here, in devastation and dismay,  
The love of lucre, strong as death, detains  
A thrifty hermitess, who day by day  
From cream's rich unctuousness the serum drains,  
And prints ambrosial butter, on the plains  
Beside Kingsale, or Cork's famed city sold.  
The seasons and their change, the winds and rains,  
The moisture and the drought, the heat and cold,  
And solitude like death, all please in hope of gold.



## XXVIII.

Behold her walking on the water's brink,  
To where her kine seek herbage in the glen :  
The roots her food, the mountain-dew her drink,  
The caverned rock her magazine and den,  
And little her desire for help of men.  
Herself can work the churn, and scour the pail,  
The docile herd herself can milk and pen ;  
And all her thoughts are handicraft and sale,  
Till winter's tyranny dislodge her to the vale.

## XXIX.

Day wears apace ; no longer here sojourn :  
The circuit of the crater's rim complete,  
And to the stony entrance back return,  
Whence borne on indefatigable feet  
A world of youthful parasites, with sweet  
Cajolery paged us down the mountain side.  
But when their candied flattery failed to meet  
The silver guerdon, changing note they cried,  
“ Bad luck to you ; and shame such stinginess betide.”

## XXX.

Down to the bay umbrageous of Dundalk  
Repair we, where the boat and banquet wait ;  
There, carelessly diffused in sylvan walk,  
Share we provision with our crew, and prate  
Of peace and politics, of war and state ;  
Wealthy and high-born cavalcadors see,  
Yet count our own of all the happiest fate :  
For what to us are fortune and degree ?  
No poet so entranced, no king so great as we !

## XXXI.

But converse must have end — the sun declines,  
And ancient saws instruct us to take note  
Of profit by his presence when he shines.  
Thus warned, we quit refection for the boat,  
Push off, and joy to be again afloat ;  
While, like the men of Athens, we pursue  
Whate'er is found of novel and remote,  
The conscious spirit straining to the view  
Of worlds invisible, where all things shall be new.

## XXXII.

Athwart the Middle-Lake our course we shape,  
By many a wooded creek and lonely bay,  
And rock strange-hollowed, and strange-cloven cape,  
That gently meet us, gently slide away,  
Like dreams departing at the break of day ;  
The while from our associates fable old  
We glean of earthly and unearthly fray,  
Mines where imprisoned goblins dig for gold,  
And spells that never must to mortal ears be told.

## XXXIII.

Alas! that cold oblivion should inurn  
Too oft the glory with the mortal frame,  
And scarce an echo from the grave return  
Of all the toil, the triumph and acclame,  
And ancientry and power, and deeds of fame.  
Each cave, each headland as we glide along,  
Of hero, or of saint records the name,  
And all around us the memorials throng  
Of conquest, monarchy, and war, and poet's song.

## XXXIV.

What pomp of verdure from each height descends,  
Grove falling under grove, from steep to steep,  
Till the thick foliage with the water blends,  
Circling the shore in one continuous sweep,  
And sinks into the bosom of the deep,  
There mingling with the faint reflected gleam  
Of clouds, that on the calm of evening sleep.  
So down into the grave we from the dream  
Of earth descend, to meet eternal glory's beam.

## XXXV.

At length appears the outlet, to a span  
Contracting suddenly the waters wide,  
Where works pontifical, of modest plan,  
From island to peninsular-woodland stride,  
Beneath whose solitary arch we glide,  
And issuing on the Lake of Lein, behold  
The vapours settling on the mountain side,  
All change of figure and of hue unfold ;  
Fanes, cities, palaces of adamant and gold.

## XXXVI.

North-westerly our course : while on the left  
Glena's wild nemorosities repeat  
Each bugle note ; till where of shade bereft,  
The double peaks of 'Toomies' tower, they meet,  
They mix with kindred resonances sweet,  
Retiring to the realms of upper air,  
And lessening die.—Not so the strains that greet  
The soul heaven-mounting from the den of care,  
The conscience without guile, the heart that burns in  
prayer.

## XXXVII.

Sequestered loveliness ! how stretch around  
The sylvan undulations far and wide,  
With what magnificence of shade profound,  
What prodigality of pomp and pride,  
O'er lawn and up the precipice they glide :  
And far above, in majesty austere,  
What altitudes of rock the cloud divide,  
Challenge the tempest, and delight to hear  
The thunder and the wind in baffled rage career.

## XXXVIII.

Landing, we plunge into the ascending glade  
That clammers to the torrent's angry leap,  
Surnamed of old 'O'Sullivan's Cascade.'  
It roars, it sparkles : cautiously we creep  
To where, half bending o'er the giddy steep,  
We gaze upon the never-ceasing flow  
That shakes the forest ; headlong to the deep  
Precipitated from the bosky brow :  
All shade and gloom above, all flash and foam below.

## XXXIX.

But now the winds and waters utter moan  
Presageful of commotion : downward bend  
The labouring clouds ; the promontories groan ;  
Low murmurs from each glen and cave ascend  
Responsive ; the far-spreading vapours blend  
In shapelessness of dusk, cloud, water, shore,  
Lost in the haze promiscuous without end ;  
And time is to be gone, ere danger more  
Environ our retreat, ere with a deepening roar

## XL.

The tempest and confusion worse confound  
The lurid gloom. In loftier ridges swell  
The billows ; and with long continuous sound  
The surges wild and wilder whirlwinds tell,  
With what a gust they in commotion mell.  
Faint gleams amid the darkness show the spray  
In eddies borne along the tumult fell :  
Extinct is the last lingering spark of day,  
And the moon hides her face in sorrow and dismay.

## XLI.

O for the vision of the sceptred sage  
That never comes but with a guardian power  
Amid the wreck of elemental rage,  
Amid tornadoes when they blackest lour,  
Amid the waves just opening to devour.  
Whate'er the changes or the chances be,  
The dread or danger, gracious is the hour  
And omen, his meteorous light to see  
On tower of Aghadoe, or Inisfallen's lee.

## XLII.

Joy—joy!—behold the venerable form,  
The sainted king uplift his placid brow ;  
From vulgar sight enshrouded in the storm,  
Or seeming as the waves that dash below.  
The gifted eye alone hath power to know  
What sovereign, in what guise delights to roam ;  
What hope, what comfort from his presence flow :  
For when, emerging from his watery home,  
He reins the courser white that prances o'er the foam,

## XLIII.

The billows and the winds forbear to roar,  
Or roar unheeded, impotent to harm.  
A mighty potentate was he of yore,  
And knew full well oppression to disarm  
By law, and equity, and virtue's charm :  
Where due, he lavished bounty and renown,  
But from his palace drove the flatterer swarm  
That bask in smiles and wither at a frown,  
And fawn, and lie, and think all glory in a crown.



## XLIV.

One day, amid the banquet and the hall,  
He rose, and vented wild prophetic strain,  
Borne on a cloud forsook the festival,  
And plunged into the bosom of the main.  
Yet privilege was given him to regain  
At will these upper regions, there anew  
To spread the blessings of his ancient reign,  
And bid high fortune wait upon the few,  
Who in the needful hour such apparition view.

## XLV.

Even now the gale before him sinks, while chide  
The surges with less tumult on the shore;  
And safely by the Prison-Isle we glide,  
Or where on Cherry-Reef the billows roar:  
And now again the treasury we explore  
Of record, rumour, elves, and magic wand,  
And Erin's rich traditionary store.  
Time thus beguiled, all unawares to land  
We come, and grounding boat, leap out upon the  
strand.

## XLVI.

Beneath the battlements of Ross our bark  
We leave, and ruminating home return,  
Kindling with more than a Promethean spark,  
Thoughts like Sidonian Cynosure, that burn  
Amid th' obscurity of life's sojourn ;  
How war, and trumpet, and the minstrel's chime,  
Must all lie mute in monumental urn,  
And how beyond the grave we soar sublime  
Into the Paradise of heaven's empyreal clime.

## XLVII.

How yearns ethereal essence to transcend  
The limits of mortality and clay ;  
What rapture in the half-belief we lend  
To tales of wizard eld, and phantom gray,  
The Runic rhyme, the legendary lay :  
What bliss in dreams emancipate to glide  
Through present, past and future ; to survey  
The secrets buried under ocean's tide,  
Or to new labyrinth of worlds o'er chaos ride.

## XLVIII.

Yet be not long a loiterer in the maze  
Where sleep deludes, or fiction : the supreme  
In joy is on the majesty to gaze  
Of truth, and from the world's delirious dream  
Awake into the pure authentic beam  
Of faith ; and onward press (as strength is given),  
Thought gradual following thought, theme following  
    theme,  
And cast away th' intoxicating leaven  
Of crude philosophy for manna sent from heaven.

## XLIX.

There is a sanctuary (howe'er unknown  
To the world's worshipper) from doubt and care ;  
There is a palm of triumph, and a crown  
That may be won by violence of prayer :  
And meditation, like the mystic stair  
In Bethel, upward leads from earth below,  
To where immortal choirs the praise declare  
Of Him at whose right hand the rivers flow  
Of peace and joy that fill the Everlasting Now.

## L.

No more cherubic visitants descend,  
As once at Mahanaim, or the hill  
Of Dothan, in corporeal shape to tend  
The patriarch and the prophet, or fulfil  
On cities, hosts, and realms th' Almighty will;  
Yet still repenting sinners they behold  
With joy, and guard through tribulation still  
The white-robed multitude, the sacred fold,  
Of whom th' Apocalypse by elder's voice hath told.

## LI.

And though the dread Triune for ever dwell  
Beyond creation, beyond depth and height,  
Beyond all knowledge, inaccessible,  
Pavilioned in the majesty and light  
Of his own beams; yet from that temple bright  
His mercy looks, illumining the wise,  
And piloting the watchful, till from night  
And death they to th' eternal morning rise,  
From earth's discordant din to angel harmonies.

## LII.

There, kindling into ecstasy, the soul  
Shall from perfection to perfection soar,  
And years and centuries by millions roll,  
While saints, sublimed to seraphim, adore  
(As knowledge widens) ever more and more :  
And still the triumphings that never end  
Are but beginning on that blissful shore  
Where glory and delight in union blend,  
And in perpetual flight above all heavens ascend.

END OF DAY SECOND.



KILLARNEY.



DAY THIRD.





# KILLARNEY.

---

## DAY THIRD.

---

### I.

BLOW, tempest—thunder, roll ; ye suit the gloom :  
And if ye startle luxury from sleep,  
Ye but awake him to remember doom,  
Ye but forewarn him (lest oblivion creep  
Upon his vigil) to repent and weep.  
Dull world, bestir thee ; kneel at mercy's shrine,  
Ere retribution the dread harvest reap,  
And answer none vouchsafe to prayer of thine,  
Save the wrath fulminant, and chastisement divine.

## II.

How turbulent the night's capricious change  
From calm to storm, from darkness to the beam  
Of moon illumining the wonderous range  
Of mountain, rock, and wood : what lightnings  
gleam,  
What clouds and meteors on th' horizon stream,  
What whistling of the winds, what pelting shower,  
Forbidding sleep, or vexing sleep with dream  
Of din, turmoil and peril, and the hour  
When hags come forth to ban, and monsters to devour.

## III.

Arise, and into the fresh morn repair ;  
Fresh morn how fragrant after such unrest,  
Though little we espy of augury fair  
Amid the storms that from each mountain crest  
Roll downward to the valley, and invest  
With equal haze the cliff and dingle green,  
Long-Range, and Purple-Mount, and Eagle's-Nest,  
Whose rugged fronts more terrible are seen,  
And strike a deeper dread through clouds that inter-  
vene.

## IV.

The stags that browse the forest, in bravado  
Their antlers lock, half anger and half play ;  
Nor dream how soon, aroused by ambuscado  
Of hound, of huntsman, and of gentles gay,  
They must o'erswim the flood, or stand at bay :  
So merciful is heaven (though few receive  
Aright what reason and sound doctrine say),  
Each creature thus in ignorance to leave  
Of casualty to come, lest premature they grieve.

## V.

What gained the king of Israel, when he went  
To learn at Endor (by unlawful art  
Of wizard and familiar) war's event ?  
What balm could the prophetic voice impart  
For wounded conscience, and a broken heart ?  
Enough the present : who would live again  
His past of being ? why invoke the dart  
Of future ill, anticipate the chain,  
Or woo, before the time, captivity and pain ?

## VI.

Then be not like the monarch ; but repose  
On heaven thy care, with not a wish to view  
The future — look but to the final close ;  
And day by day, and night by night renew  
The services of adoration due.  
Leave others the diviner's art to try ;  
But thou thine even, onward course pursue,  
In boisterous or serene, in moist or dry,  
As moves the sun alike through bright or cloudy sky.

## VII.

Our moralizing done, return we home,  
Where ceaselessly bells ring and customers call ;  
Such banquet is in Gorham's ample dome,  
Of race and stag-hunt such the festival.  
The wanderer who had hoped in lonely hall  
To loiter, and in lonely peace explore  
The rocks and islands, groves and valleys all ;  
Hears with affright the stentorophonic roar  
Of landlord, waiter, guest, augmenting ever more

## VIII.

The many-throated harmonies of morn,  
Each urban and suburban ear that greet,  
The thunder of the wheels, the mail-guard's horn,  
Steeds, donkies, coaches, tempesting the street,  
Rattle of cudgels, tramp of countless feet,  
Hoofed, brogued, or bare: carts rumbling o'er the  
stones,  
Curs, children, pigs, the hurly to complete,  
And jaunting-cars that dislocate the bones,  
And sallow mendicants, that mingle gibes with moans.

## IX.

Pipes, hurdy-gurdies, trumpets, drums, astound  
The crowds that every where confusedly run,  
While swarm into the town from all around,  
Jockey and Greek, and reeling ripe for fun  
Or fight, tall lads whose shouts the welkin stun;  
Till the grave magistrate steps in between,  
Whose voice, whose frown, whose *Mittimus* they  
shun :  
For why ? the constables are near him seen,  
And files of armed police in uniform of green.

## X.

Kind genius of the desert ! interpose,  
And lead us car-borne to thy bower on high,  
Where rock and solitude may round us close,  
And meditation to the world may die.  
Caparison the horse, and let us fly,  
Unheeding wind or rain : nor madly stay  
Where strife preludes to challenge, and each eye  
Glares like a comet, boding feud and fray :  
Push on into the storm—the storm less wild than they.

## XI.

As by St. Withold from the bosom driven  
The night-mare and her ninefold brood retire,  
And ecstasies unknown before are given,  
New strength we feel, new faculties acquire,  
All life and bliss and intellectual fire ;  
So, as we sally forth, the shout, the song,  
The yelp, the buz, the dissonance expire ;  
And the companions sole that round us throng  
Are thoughts that more to Paradise than earth belong.

## XII.

If silence thus be melody, and ease  
Be luxury, disincarcerated to rove,  
And listen to the rustling leaves, the breeze  
That soothes, the birds that vocalize the grove,  
The Flesk, that murmurs like the widowed dove ;  
Think what the triumph and the jubilee  
Of souls dismissed from earth to heaven above,  
For ever happy and for ever free  
Expatriating, and heirs of immortality.

## XIII.

The darkness and the gloominess behold  
Of morn upon the mountains, where the shade  
Of clouds along the dusky regions rolled,  
Half hiding, and revealing half, hath made  
A wilderness of night on copse and glade,  
And all the frowning dreariness around ;  
Where sight is baffled and the heart afraid  
To look on that obscurity profound,  
Or enterprize approach to that forbidden ground.

## XIV.

Such darkness veiled th' Avenger who destroyed  
The vaunted armies of th' Assyrian king ;  
Such darkness brooded o'er the formless void  
Ere yet the overshadowing Spirit his wing  
Outspread, ere yet the light began to spring ;  
Such darkness hung o'er man ; till love divine  
The victory from the grave, from death the sting  
Despoiled, and bade on Calvary the sign  
Of mastery o'er the world and that old Serpent shine.

## XV.

Along the lake, and up the giddy side  
Of Turk, in depth dimensionless extend  
The woodlands, towering high and spreading wide  
In one unbroken verdure without end,  
Mantle the slope, the precipice ascend  
Above the clouds that in mid æther sail.  
And though ten thousand charms of beauty blend  
With that stern grandeur, yet the cheek turns pale,  
And as we gaze, the pulse throbs quick, the spirits  
quail.



## XVI.

But who are they that mustering up the storm  
Engarrison the gorge of yon defile,  
And on the pendant hills encampment form,  
Prohibiting access? What shall beguile  
Their fury, or what covert grant asyle?  
With widening front their legions they outspread,  
With murkier horror gloom on gloom they pile,  
Cast night before, brew tempest overhead,  
And mingle heaven and earth in darkness and in dread.

## XVII.

Glena and all his giant neighbours fade,  
Enveloped one by one in vapour foul  
Till total overwhelmed: then wrapt in shade  
Rush down the fiends: the clouds in volumes roll,  
Vancouriers to the thunder's distant growl,  
From rock and heath the showers in smoke rebound,  
The cataracts dash, the frightened forests howl;  
The horse, bewildered and aghast, turns round,  
The driver and his fare sit helpless and half-drowned.

## XVIII.

Rough music this of elemental war,  
Now feigning intermission, now again  
Redoubled, calling echo from afar  
To summon all the magazines of rain,  
Sleet, hail, and hurricane, that spout amain  
Storm after storm, each heavier than the last,  
Shaking the hills, and deluging the plain  
In aggravated chaos : earth aghast  
Groans in Egyptian dark, and shrinks beneath the  
blast.

## XIX.

Still toward Kenmare we toil, to where the road  
Hewn through the rock in canopy of proof  
And gallery grotto-like, might seem th' abode  
Of hospitable fairy ; while aloof  
Stand gust and shower, to let the weary hoof  
Of steed or man rest quiet underground.  
We entered : and beneath that vaulted roof  
Ensconced a goodly company we found ;  
And salutation frank of courtesy went round.

## XX.

What zest, what solace in the covert given  
By Oberon here or Archimago's wand,  
That through the crag such corridor hath riven  
So soothe our toil. Ah ! let the heart expand  
To see how marshalled by th' Omnific hand,  
The hopes that elevate, the fears that quell,  
In order due of alternation stand :  
Pain, lest our pride wax wanton, and rebel ;  
And comfort, lest the heart o'ercharged to bursting  
swell.

## XXI.

Not long we tarry here : our course is bent  
To where the crags of Eagle's-Nest denote  
A rendezvous ; the car is homeward sent ;  
Ourselves, enveloped close in cloak or coat,  
(Like tortoise in its shell) expect the boat ;  
While tempest after tempest sweeping fast  
Swells with Typhoëan roar his angry throat.  
In fissured rock we harbour from the blast ;  
Should winter's self assail, he must relent at last.

## XXII.

Thus perdu couched, we mark the straggling throng  
Car-mounted or equestrian, the gay world  
Of Kerry, troop storm-buffed along,  
Their high top-gallants to the gale unfurled,  
Quaint caps awry, quaint chevelures uncurled,  
Maugre the o'ernight's industry to fold  
The ringlet, round and round in paper twirled.  
Alas ! the draggled victims to behold ;  
How shrinking from the wet, how shivering with the  
cold !

## XXIII.

But this and more, will under name of sport  
And hunting of the roe, be gladly borne ;  
Like rout, assembly, etiquette of court,  
Which, but for pomp and name, were woe forlorn.  
The sluggard hath arisen at early morn,  
The slattern pranked herself in trim attire,  
The dainty dame of tax-cart thought no scorn,  
The tippler left his can, the bard his lyre,  
Such philther hath the chase, such puissance hath desire.

## XXIV.

No need there is of courser here ; and few  
O'er precipice and bog, through briar and brake,  
The track of huntsman or of hound pursue ;  
But far along the road procession make,  
Or on the water side their station take,  
Or wiser still (if weather smile serene)  
Launch on the tranquil bosom of the Lake,  
Whence every where rock, mountain, wood, and  
    green,  
Dog, sportsman, militaire, and beaux and belles are seen.

## XXV.

The storms abate, the boat arrives ; the hour  
Is nigh ; the shouts from cliff to cliff resound.  
See the scared eagle from his eyry tower  
Aloft, on wide-spread pinions circling round,  
Bidding the desert to his scream resound,  
While angrily he chides the clamorous train  
That violate his solitude profound,  
Marring with idle luxury, tumult vain,  
The kingly contemplations of his ancient reign.

## XXVI.

O restlessness of man, that cannot leave  
In peace the field, the river, and the wood !  
O vacancy of thought, that must deceive  
Life's tedium with false images of good !  
Were the true source of blessing understood,  
Such darkness would be lost in radiance bright  
From Tabor mountain or from Jordan's flood ;  
Celestial visions would illumine the night,  
Thoughts redolent of heaven attend returning light.

## XXVII.

List !—hear we not the cry of hound and horn  
Amid the glens, upon the mountain's breast,  
Heart-stirring as the feathered choirs of morn  
When thrush and lark the prize of song contest,  
And sweet as evening's lullabies of rest ?  
The sentimentalist may word it well,  
The Stoic or the Cynic frown or jest ;  
But in that harmony there is a spell  
To countermine the wise, and reason's self to quell.

## XXVIII.

How the wild music undulates along  
Yon rocky channel ; now remote, now near !  
What expectation silences the throng,  
Listening the peal that fainter or more clear  
At length with swelling chorus fills our ear !  
The heart beats audible : the doubling call  
Bids each in ambush wait th' approaching deer :  
Some line the copse, some in the herbage crawl,  
Some crouch in boat ; all eye, all ear, impatience all.

## XXIX.

He comes !—he comes !—be ready with the boat :  
The very crisis of your fate is nigh :  
Let him but plunge ; then seize him while afloat,  
And with loud shouts proclaim the victory !  
Shame—shame,—we showed ourselves too soon :  
his eye  
Hath marked us ; and he seeks a distant shore.  
Of rage and mutual blame then rose the cry ;  
And (much I fear me) even our cockswain swore,  
Who never after did, nor ever did before.

## XXX.

The game hath taken soil, and lost to view  
Securely stems the wave ; nor will a hound,  
Till thrown into the stream, the chase renew.  
Too late revive they there, too late have found  
Cold puzzling scent, and vainly quest around  
The further shore. In safety's jubilee  
The quarry, far ahead, hath come to ground,  
Swallows the plain, and scales the steep with glee,  
Once more the denizen of Turk and liberty !

## XXXI.

But, hark ! a second cry denotes the pack  
Divided, and foretels a second chance.  
He comes !—the dogs close hanging on his track :  
The lolling tongue, dun hide, and slow advance  
Betray his toil : observe with wary glance  
His plunge ; surround him, grasp his antlered brow,  
And let the past mishap our joy enhance.  
Exultingly we wave white banner now,  
And high in air our arbutus-wreathed bonnets throw.



## XXXII.

Resign him to the huntsman, and admire  
His huge dimensions, and his branching head :  
He seems the forest's venerable sire,  
Or monarch who their armies long had led,  
Though at his utmost need, the recreants fled.  
Now finds he life and empire but a span,  
While hood-winked he reclines, fast bound, half  
    dead,  
And yielding to the mighty power of man,  
Patient awaits his death, as patient as he can.

## XXXIII.

Yet nothing fear : thou art a captive king,  
And of a king the treatment shall be thine :  
Not long the bandages shall round thee cling,  
Nor shalt thou long in doubt and durance pine.  
Heave not, nor look so piteously : resign  
Awhile to bonds and fate : a prospect fair,  
A brighter destiny shall quickly shine,  
And to thy native woods thou shalt repair,  
To range the mountain free, free as the mountain air.

## XXXIV.

Meantime regatta-like in gallant show  
Of boats with cabin or with awning gay,  
We glide along the straits in lengthened row,  
Or crescent-wise expand in opening bay.  
Above them all, conspicuous in array  
Of sumptuous gala, like a conqueror's car,  
A stately barge divides the liquid way,  
Where sits the lovely Countess, from afar  
Diffusing light and joy like some benignant star.

## XXXV.

I name her not (though worthy to be sung  
By bard of olden time as Faëry Queen  
Hight Gloriana), though her crown be hung  
On high, entwined with palms of deathless green.  
The seraph path she walks, but walks unseen ;  
Nor dare I desecrate with earthly fame  
One so in virtue shrined and faith serene :  
Nor am I fitting to record the name  
Which want and sorrow bless, and angels shall proclaim.

## XXXVI.

Glena ! let all thy fastnesses expand  
On the freed prisoner refuge to bestow.  
He starts—he springs into the flood—for land  
He makes, and is once more a king ! see now  
With what a grandeur, what a grace his brow  
He shakes, and rides upon the wave. Yet more  
Elate he touches ground, bursts through the row  
Of nets that, casual left, obstruct the shore,  
Bounds to the wood and thinks of trouble past no  
more.

## XXXVII.

Scarce with such joy the Gallic monarch fled,  
Escaping from the durance vile of Spain,  
Bestrode the Turkish courser, felt his head  
Encircled with the regal crown again,  
And to Bayona sped in huge disdain.  
Long rankled that immedicable wound  
Of outraged majesty : through years of pain  
Imperial Charles by sad experience found  
What policy it were, had equity set bound

## XXXVIII.

To lust of empire. Tyranny and pride  
That grapple all, set all upon a cast ;  
And giant power that earth and heaven defied,  
Struggles, like shipwrecked seamen on a mast,  
For life, not victory ; and sinks at last.  
But Lazarus at the gate enjoys within  
The peace that, after brief probation past,  
Shall progress of immortal joy begin,  
While through eternity resound the groans of sin.

## XXXIX.

Our day's disport is done : but wouldest thou hear  
Th' halloo of other worlds, far different hour  
Thou must await, to fast in station drear  
Of lonely beach, and watch the cloudy power  
That builds the mist into a signal-tower  
For things invisible. There let the spell  
Of high-wrought fantasy thy thought imbower  
Within that interlunar dark where dwell  
The wonders which no tongue hath leave or power to  
tell.

## XL.

Sad privilege (and therefore given to few)  
To pry upon the secrets of the dead:  
Bethink thee, lest the heavy price thou rue :  
To live, a spectacle of woe and dread,  
No peace by day, no rest upon thy bed,  
To roam, deserted as the stricken roe,  
On the rough flint to lay thy houseless head,  
And every balm of youth and hope forego,  
Each sight a sight of pain, each sound a sound of woe.

## XLI.

How fearful 'tis to walk the haunted plain  
When twilight glooms, or dews of midnight fall,  
When wild-fire lures to death the fated swain,  
When corpse-lights glimmer in the witches' hall,  
And revels not of earth the moon appal :  
When paws th' infernal charger in the glen,  
And fairies to the passing meteors call,  
Or strange communion hold in wizard den  
With many a giant shade that once were kings of men.

## XLII.

See from the mountain or the cloud rush down  
The formidable Hunter of the deep,  
His name, his race, his errand all unknown.  
Wind, flood, and thunder with less fury sweep  
Than his pale courser plunges o'er the steep ;  
Prostrates the forest, shakes the wilds around,  
Fire-snorting takes, with mane erect, the leap ;  
Flies o'er the lake at one impetuous bound,  
Then vanishes in air, or sinks into the ground.

## XLIII.

Intrepid watchers have beheld the sight  
(Some say) near Ivrelagh's Franciscan pile,  
Or where St. Finian reared the abbeyed height  
Of sanctuary upon the sacred isle,  
Ere rapine and Maolduin dared defile  
The votive ground, and mad with thirst of gold  
Profane the cemetery's last asyle.  
Even yet, such chronicle, by beldam told,  
Hath power to thrill with dread the boldest of the bold.

## XLIV.

But now what acclamations from our trance  
Awake us to the business of the day :  
For, as the rosy-fingered hours advance,  
Impatient appetite is heard to say,  
“ A time for all things—why the feast delay ?”  
In wide promiscuous navy we forsake,  
Glena, thy solemn amplitude of bay,  
And o’er the roughening and cloud-darkened lake  
Right eagerly our course to rest and dinner take.

## XLV.

In universal boat-race we return  
To Inisfallen’s steep but verdant side :  
The rowers toil, they strain, they pant, they burn.  
“ Well pulled, my sons,” th’ exulting cockswain  
cried ;  
“ Hurra !” the sturdy mariners replied.  
“ Drag her along,” vociferates he ; and all  
With a thrice-double zeal their vigour tried.  
Severe the toil : but sweet in Boatman’s-Hall  
To change the tug of oars for ease and festival.

## XLVI.

Hail ! Inisfallen, hail ! enchanted ground,  
In all th' excess of loveliness arrayed,  
Amid the majesty of nature round ;  
Here open lawn, there close-retiring shade,  
Inextricable maze of copse and glade,  
The tufted eminence, the flowery dell,  
The music by the murmuring waters made,  
The rock, the grotto—vain attempt to tell  
The numberless delights that in this Eden dwell.

## XLVII.

But not this hour could contemplation find  
Fit leisure here to meditate and pray ;  
So thick the beach, the mead, the grove, are lined  
With groups that saunter in confusion gay  
Awhile of mutual quizzing and display,  
Then on the grass or trunk of tree recline,  
Soothed by the wind and water's roundelay,  
And carve the baked meats, and pour out the wine  
In honour of the day, but more of beauty's shrine.



## XLVIII.

See lady bright with pearly crescent mooned,  
Gipsy and clown with not a hat to show,  
Slim youths, bewhiskered or bepantalooned,  
And brawny boatmen on the beach below.  
Age, manhood, and the vermeil-tinctured glow  
Of youth, all bandying shout and repartee,  
Not one mute tongue, not one o'erclouded brow ;  
While pleased the stranger and the tourist see  
The isle abandoned all to frolic and to glee.

## XLIX.

Some watch the rippling wave upon the shore,  
Some walk the wildly-varied circuit round,  
And each traditionary nook explore,  
And the dim cave that hath memorial found,  
For honour and confiding love renowned.  
Now into figure glide the festive throng,  
And dance begin : say not they touch the ground ;  
For beauty floats in air, and skims along,  
Charming and charmed, on wings of melody and song.

## L.

Time was, the pomp conventual here arose  
Of transept, clerestory, nave and quire,  
That from the world gave refuge and repose  
To youthful acolyte, and hoary sire,  
The lordly abbot and cord-girded friar,  
Who once confession heard, awarded doom,  
Or of devotion fanned the living fire.  
They were ; but are not : in sepulchral gloom  
They sleep, and memory's self lies buried in their tomb.

## LI.

Here then one moment let me rescue still  
From merriment that leaves no trace behind ;  
And 'mid the fractured relics rove at will  
Of cell and cloister ; wisdom there to find,  
Where weeds and ivy rustle to the wind,  
And not a pinnacle remains to fall  
Of niche or tomb that saint or hero shrined.  
Arch, gateway, tower and porch are mouldered all,  
Briars, nettles, mole-hills hide the consecrated wall,

## LII.

Where now of noon, of vespers, or of prime,  
No chant is heard, no ceremonial seen,  
No preacher but the grave. Relentless time,  
Heavy thy tread, thy hand hath heavy been,  
That scarce a bare foundation prints the green.  
O death, all-eloquent (though slow is man  
To hear thee), give us warning not to lean  
On the bruised reed of earth, but while we can,  
With faith and virtue fill of life the narrow span.

## LIII.

Wise, for a moment, was the Persian king,  
Once weeping in ambition's mad career ;  
For awful truth can to the proudest bring  
At times conviction sudden and severe.  
Even now her monitory voice is here,  
While to the distant sound of mirth and play  
I listen with a melancholy ear.  
A little while, and all the young and gay  
Shall sleep with the departed, mute and cold as they.

## LIV.

Wealth, power, ambition, every hope and joy,  
Are but a dream, a toy of painted air,  
The full-blown bubble of a playful boy :  
And if thou canst, philosophy, declare  
What more than this thy schemes and systems are.  
But yet in Gilead may be found a stem  
That drops a balm for ever rich and rare ;  
There is a priceless pearl, there is a gem  
That through eternity outshines the diadem.

## LV.

Who would repine with such reward in view,  
Or mourn the tenure frail of all below ?  
Or vent the rueful plaint, how brief, how few,  
How empty, all the pleasures we can know ?  
Press onward, and look upward : let the glow  
Of faith and hope be quickened into flame,  
And charity be liberal to bestow.  
Meantime, resume the world ; where shouts proclaim  
On embarkation bent, peer, knight, esquire and dame.

## LVI.

From Inisfallen to the tower of Ross  
(Where Ludlow and Muskerry fought of yore)  
The waning twilight warns and guides across  
Our slow-returning squadrons to the shore,  
While dirge-like gales the close of day deplore.  
Soft glides the boat along: the waters foam  
And sparkle to the dashing of the oar.  
We land, we look a long farewell, and roam  
With oft-reverted eye in pensive musing home.

## LVII.

Like the fond melancholy when we view  
The floweret fade, or leaf in autumn fall,  
Such the regret of parting and adieu,  
Though hope, though pleasure, or though duty call.  
The lot of time and chance is drawn by all,  
And virtue's hope in heaven hath ever been ;  
Yet scarce even virtue from this earthly ball  
Can every thought, and all affection wean,  
Till age and death instil the final drop serene.

## LVIII.

In the last voyage, to the last abode,  
When pass the pure in heart from care and pain,  
From sorrow and from sin, life's weary load,  
To mingle hallelujahs with the strain  
Of seer and patriarch in th' empyreal fane,  
Even then they pause, and ere they mount on high,  
One look to the forsaken body deign;  
While disinthrall'd from every earthly tie,  
Impassive to decay and never more to die,

## LIX.

New life commencing, they have thrown aside  
The garment of mortality and woe :  
And everlasting portals open wide  
To welcome and imparadise them. Lo !  
Ascending and ascending up they go,  
And leave the dwindling universe behind.  
Man's universal debt in one brief throe  
Was cancell'd ; and their spirits are enshrin'd  
In beatific vision of th' Eternal Mind.

## LX.

Dazzled and overpowered, with eye and ear  
Yet uninitiate, they at first behold  
Obscurely, and with doubtful organ hear  
Their title in the Book of Life enroll'd ;  
Till gradually the realms of bliss unfold,  
And the third heaven be vocal to the train  
Of seraphim, that palm and crown of gold  
Presenting, hail them to th' ethereal plain,  
In joy unutterable world without end to reign.

## LXI.

What radiance flashes on their opening eye !  
What strains of transport fill their opening ear !  
See the Celestial City blaze on high,  
And ringing through the universal sphere  
The shout of archangelic voices hear.  
Thousands of thousands, number without bound,  
Wake the triumphant song of heaven's own year,  
And in mysterious harmony around  
Ten thousand times ten thousand angel harps resound.

## LXII.

Before them in augmenting glory's beam  
Th' unfathomable azure melts away ;  
While onward to the sanctuary supreme  
Careering through th' infinitude of day,  
They pour their souls into th' hierarchal lay  
That circles evermore the mountain bright  
Where sits whom saint nor angel can survey,  
Too high, too glorious for created sight,  
Throned unapproachable in mystery of light.



CAMBUSCAN.



## CAMBUSCAN.

FROM CHAUCER.

---

IN Sarra (so tradition tells) of yore  
Cambuscan the Tartarian sceptre bore,  
And oft with battle and the bolts of war  
Like hurricane assailed the Russian Tsar,  
Till, spent with slaughter, on each others' breast  
The long-contending empires sunk to rest.  
From Palestine to China none was found  
Like him for kingly attributes renowned :  
Though Pagan born, he loved each pious rite,  
And walked the best he could by reason's light :

(The best he could ; for howsoe'er we boast,  
Reason is but a glimmering lamp at most).  
Wealthy he was, and wise, benign and just,  
Firm to his word, and faithful to his trust ;  
Of hardihood and warlike skill approved,  
And courage as the centre unremoved ;  
In arts, and arms, and manly beauty's prime,  
The wonder of his people and his time ;  
While well-deserved prosperity his throne  
In fame upheld superior and alone.

Two sons he had by Elfeta his wife :  
His elder born and heir hight Algarsife ;  
And Camballo the younger prince's name ;  
Each worthy of the sire from whom they came.

His youngest offspring was a daughter fair,  
Called Canace ; whose stature, shape, and air,  
And beauty to describe, my skill were vain ;  
Nor dare I enterprise so high a strain.  
To celebrate her praises would require  
A tongue of harmony and muse of fire ;  
And such her loveliness as rightly sung  
Would renovate the old, and madden all the young.

Cambuscan now had twenty winters worn  
The diadem, when on the festive morn  
Of his nativity, from year to year  
With pageants solemnized and royal cheer,  
The heralds in procession took their way  
Through Sarra to proclaim the welcome day.

Northward from Equinoctial Line the sun  
Began through Aries his career to run,  
And while he paced that hot and choleric sign,  
The temperature so lusty and benign,  
The tender verdure, and the solar fire,  
Awaked on every spray the feathered quire  
To chant the melodies of young desire,  
That to the balmy gales their transport told,  
Delivered from the sword of winter's cold.

Cambuscan in his palace sat full high,  
Enrobed and crowned in royal majesty,  
And his imperial feast all pomp excelled  
Within the habitable globe beheld.  
Of which should I describe the full array,  
The tale would occupy a summer's day.

With sewers and seneschals to crowd my rhyme,  
And swans, and hernshaws, were but waste of time :  
Strange flesh (if legendary bards say true)  
Is dainty there, which here we die to view.  
The marshals and the service of the hall,  
No mortal numbers can recount them all :  
And (not in efforts vain my strength to waste)  
I pass them by, and to my purpose haste.

The third course done, in his imperial state  
The monarch 'midst his lords and ladies sat,  
While all the pillars and the roof rebound  
With thundering gongs, and the loud trumpets' sound,  
A martial minstrelsy and merry din ;  
When at the portal suddenly came in  
A youthful warrior on a steed of brass,  
And in his hand a mirror broad of glass,  
Upon his thumb a golden ring he wore,  
And swinging by his side a naked falchion bore ;  
And up he rideth to the high state board,  
While no man at the banquet spake a word  
For wonder of this knight ; whom to behold  
Full busily they gaze, both young and old.

His beaver up, disclosed a visage fair,  
Gorgeous his arms, majestic was his air,  
While king and queen, and dames, and courtiers all  
Salutes he by their order in the hall,  
With reverence and observance so complete  
As well in aspect as in utterance meet,  
That Gawain, if returned from fairy ground,  
With all his ancient courtesy renowned,  
Could neither alter nor amend a word :  
And after this, before the high state board,  
With learned eloquence and grave regard,  
And manly voice his message he declared,  
And gesture such as grace and reason teach,  
When speech with action, action suits with speech.  
I cannot parle like that redoubted knight,  
My genius is rebuked nor dares so high a flight ;  
But this in common phrase was his intent,  
If I remember right my argument.

The king whom Araby and Ind obey,  
My lord and liege, on this illustrious day  
Saluteth you, as best he can and may,  
And sendeth you, in honour of your feast,  
By me who thus attend on your behest.

This steed of brass, that easily can run  
Without delay or harm, 'twixt sun and sun,  
(That is to say, in four and twenty hours)  
Where'er you please, in sunshine or in showers,  
Serene and swift his rider to convey  
Whither your heart's desire directs the way ;  
Or would you dart into the loftier air  
With full security through foul or fair,  
Where the sun-climbing eagle loves to soar,  
The faithful voyager will ever more  
The very course prescribed unerring keep,  
Though on his back you take repose and sleep ;  
And ever up and down, and to and fro,  
Obsequious to your pleasure will he go.  
Full many a constellation, many a sign,  
Of potent influence and aspect benign,  
The mighty master waited, ere he won  
His moment, and this prodigy was done.

By looking on this mirror may be known  
Whate'er adversity betides your crown ;  
In shadow it reveals your friend or foe,  
Your empire's welfare or your empire's woe :



And, more than this ; whenever lady bright  
Hath deigned a tender thought of prince or knight,  
If he prove false, it sets in open view  
His fraud, his treason, and his mistress new.

Wear in your purse this ring, or on your hand,  
And in a moment shall you understand  
The languages of all the fowls that fly,  
And how to make them suitable reply ;  
And every med'cinable herb shall know  
That heal the deadliest wounds, and where they grow.

Though adamantine arms oppose your might,  
This trusty sword through plate and mail will smite ;  
And for its lightest touch all aid is vain,  
No styptics staunch the blood, no balms allay the pain,  
Till with the flat you stroke the sufferer's wound ;  
Then shall it close, and he again be sound :  
Full well its use will vouch what I have told,  
Nor ever fail, while you retain your hold.

This falchion hath Arabia's monarch sent,  
The pledge to Tartary of good intent ;

While with the virtuous ring and mirror rare  
Your daughter Canace he greeteth fair.

His message done, behold the youthful knight  
Ride out of hall, and from his courser light.  
His courser, flashing radiance like the sun,  
Stands in the court (his airy travel done):  
The knight, unarm'd in an apartment fair,  
Is summoned thence the royal feast to share.  
The mirror and the sword of trenchant blade,  
With pomp and long procession are conveyed,  
And reverence as beseems their magic power,  
And safely lodged in the high treasury tower;  
And the mysterious ring is borne in state  
To Canace, at table where she sat.  
But, sooth to say, the brazen courser stands  
As bolted to the earth by unseen hands,  
And engine, pulley, windlace, vainly boast  
To wrench the stubborn wonder from his post.  
For why? they understand not yet the skill:  
And in the court perforce they leave him still,  
Until the knight the talisman unfold  
To stir him, as hereafter shall be told.

Great is the multitude, that to and fro  
About this steed in speculation go :  
For in dimensions large, high, broad, and long,  
And well proportioned to be swift and strong,  
Majestical it stood, and quick of eye,  
And the renowned Frontino might outvie,  
Apulian breed, or horse of Lombardy.  
From head to tail, in each proportion kenned,  
Nor art nor nature could his shape transcend.

But much they wondered how it came to pass  
That motion should reside in horse of brass.  
To most it seemed by fairy fingers wrought,  
Yet every gazer had his several thought :  
So many men, so many notions rise,  
And each one in his own conceit is wise.  
They murmured like a swarm of bees, and long  
Recited acts of legendary song,  
And Hippogrif, and Pegasus, and 'Troy,  
Which ambushed Greeks in wooden horse annoy.

Mine heart (quoth one) is ever held in dread  
By cares from subtle circumspection bred.

No doubt embattled legions are within,  
Conspiring our metropolis to win.  
Preposterous thought ! (another whispered low)  
'Tis some mechanic toy or juggler's show,  
Or fashioned underneath in caves of hell,  
Domdaniel called, where fiends and wizards dwell.  
So deem the vulgar of each engine wrought  
With sapience that eludes their prying thought ;  
And what their ignorance cannot comprehend,  
Their spite interprets to the baser end.

Then spake they of the mirror's magic power,  
That was borne up into the master tower :  
If such phantasmas on its face were seen,  
'Twas surely not of earth, nor wrought by hands  
terrene.

Yet some believed by composition nice  
Of angles, and of optical device,  
It might be well and naturally done,  
And that in Rome was such another one.  
Of art, and algebra, and learned men,  
And Aristotle, much they reasoned then ;

And how Alhazen and Vitelli wrote  
Of specula, perspectives, and what not ?  
As they who study their dark volumes wot.

Then talk they of the falchion that could drive  
Through plate and mail, and stoutest metal rive,  
Of Telephus, Achilles, and the steel  
That could in turn inflict a wound, and heal :  
And how to temper sword and spear they show ;  
Craft which I know not, nor desire to know.

But for the ring of Canace, they thought  
Never such miracle to light was brought ;  
Though some had heard of mickle wonder done  
By Moses and the wise king Solomon.

Nathless, said some, it was a cunning pass  
From flint and steel and ashes to make glass ;  
Yet glass is nothing like flint, ashes, sand ;  
But hard things easy are to such as understand.

In doubt and queries thus their brains they tire.  
So men the source and mystery require  
Of wind, and heaven's thought-executing fire,

And gossamer, and mist, and ocean's tide,  
And all things, till their causes be descried.

Long time they argue, nor desist from brawl  
Till king and courtiers leave the festive hall.

The sun had sunk from his meridian tower,  
The Lion with his Aldrian ruled the hour,  
When from his board the Tartar monarch rose :  
The jocund minstrelsy before him goes,  
Till in the presence-hall he sits on high,  
And round him instruments and voices vie  
In lofty lay, and heaven of melody.

The progeny of Venus now advance  
With measure smooth and airy grace to dance :  
For through the constellations rides their queen  
And looks upon them with an eye serene.

The noble king is seated on his throne ;  
The champion peregrine hath homage done,  
And to the music's sound in lightsome glee  
Adown the dance is gone with Canace.

The revels that ensue are hard to show :  
Love and love's service should the poet know,  
And as the birds be blithe, and fresh as May,  
Ere he describe a festival so gay.

Who can recite each brisk fantastic dance,  
Each nymph-like shape, and lovely countenance,  
Glances and amorous wiles and quaint disguise,  
Elusive of the jealous lover's eyes ?  
No man but Lancelot ; and he is dead :  
So let them revel, and no more be said.  
Till change of luxury to the banquet call,  
I leave them in their stately carnival.

Amid their merriment the steward's care  
Sends in the blood-red wine and spicery rare.  
The servitors take post in every room,  
The beverage and cates anon are come ;  
They eat and drink, and then in solemn show  
(As bids religion) to the temple go :  
There vows, and service, and oblation pay,  
Then palace-ward return, and sup by day.

What need I Homer's savoury Muse unsphere  
To sing their cookery and delicious cheer?  
Untold we guess that in a kingly feast  
Is plenty, to the greatest and the least;  
And pageantry, as monarchs may beseem,  
And dainties more than hungry poets dream.

From supper with his peers Cambuscan bold  
Goes forth, the brazen courser to behold.  
But never was such wondering sure as then,  
Save when the horse of Sinon ambushed men,  
And in amazement stood the Trojans all  
While climbed the fatal engine o'er their wall.  
At length the king. "Inform me, gentle knight,  
The virtue of this charger and the might,  
And how to give him life, and bid him fly  
Through unknown deserts, or th' ethereal sky."

"Sire," said the knight (and lightly touched the rein,  
And instantly the courser pranced amain),  
"Touch but a spring (for such the hidden spell),  
Which to your ear in secret I will tell;  
And name to him the pilgrimage designed:  
Aloft he starts, and distances the wind.



“ Your journey ended, issue fresh command,  
And to another spring apply your hand,  
And down he will descend and do your will,  
And, where you list, inflexible stand still :  
Nor all the world, though all the world should strive,  
Can either lure him from his post or drive.  
Or would you have him vanish hence anon,  
Touch but another spring and he is gone  
Into unworldly regions from your sight,  
And will return again by day or night,  
When with such cabalistic words you call  
As I shall teach, his presence to your hall.”

When thus Cambuscan from the stranger knight  
Had learned the manner and the form aright,  
Triumphant to the palace he returns,  
And with astonishment and rapture burns.  
The bridle to the treasury tower with care  
Is borne, and lodged among his jewels rare :  
The horse is vanished from the haunts of man ;  
But whither gone, or how, declare who can :  
Let speculators, if they list explore ;  
For gone he is, and I reveal no more,

But leave the Tartar nobles with their king  
In revelry, till day began to spring.

Slumber, digestion's nurse, came then apace,  
And kissed with gaping mouth each ruby face :  
The drowsy charm convinced them in a trice  
All day and half the night might well suffice  
To keep their rouse ; and warned them for their good  
That sleep asserts domain o'er flesh and blood.  
Yawning they give him thanks, and for the best  
His doctrine hold, and reel away to rest.

What night-mare dreams ensued, concerns not me,  
Most part were staggering-ripe with jollity ;  
And heavy floundered down, and rose not soon,  
Snoring in lubbard lethargy till noon.

Cambuscan's self had long held wassail gay,  
Yet yielded not to wine's ignoble sway :  
Nor Algarsife nor Camballo resigned  
To brute intemperance the manly mind ;  
But when the herald-star of morning rose,  
Betook them cool and lightsome to repose.

Fair Canace had (with her father's leave)  
From banquet drawn to rest soon after eve,  
Shunning the nightly surfeit, morning pains,  
Of fevered pulse and fume-bewildered brains.  
She slept; but such her fulness of content,  
That even in sleep her colour came and went.  
The ring, the glass, were present to her thought,  
And peradventure elfin fancy brought  
The blooming knight of Araby to view,  
Amorous, and by the mirror witnessed true.  
From aëry-light first slumber she awoke,  
And to her prime attendant matron spoke,  
And said it was her pleasure to arise.

The wrinkled crone, who deemed herself more wise  
(As beldames use) than all the world beside,  
With undesired remonstrance thus replied.  
“Madam, the morn is young, the world at rest;  
A little slumber more were surely best.”

“Not so,” quoth Canace: “my sleep is fled;  
The breezy morn is balm, the sky is red,  
And health and pleasure bid me walk or run  
Where yonder forest brightens in the sun.”

The much-reluctant dame goes forth to vent  
In simulated zeal her discontent.  
From room to room explores the lofty halls,  
And "what? no watch, no duty?" loudly calls.  
"Arise, for shame, your princess takes the air."  
They hear, and to her presence-room repair.  
Fresh, smiling, bright, and ruddy as the sun  
When orient through the vernal sky to run,  
See Canace advance in light array  
For coolness fit, or speed, or mirthful play,  
And with her virgin bevy o'er the lawn  
And woodlands bound, exulting in the dawn.

The sun with ample orb of crimson sheen  
Scattered the mist and gemmed the dewy green;  
The season mild, the firmamental blue,  
The park, rock, stream, the mountain's distant view,  
All art, all nature, prodigal inspired  
Joy more than heart had imaged or desired.  
But chief delight was in the thrilling song  
From glade and thicket of the plumy throng:  
For well the gifted princess could descry  
Their speech and argument of melody.

Not long did Canace transported rove,  
Hearkening th' harmonious converse of the grove,  
When from a plantain, blasted, dry, and bare,  
A falcon shrieked in accents of despair,  
So long, so shrill, that the disastrous sound .  
Awaked each echo of the forest round,  
And wounded so with beak and wings her side,  
That all the ground beneath with blood was dyed.  
Her plaint so rueful, and so loud her moan,  
That savage beast, or hardest heart of stone,  
Hyæna, tyger, pard, or lion bold,  
Had wept (if weep they could) her sorrow to behold.

For never bard or painter could describe  
A lovelier model of the falcon tribe.  
Short legs, large feet, broad shoulders, and thighs long;  
Round head, long neck, beak thick and short and  
strong ;  
Her feet were yellow, and her pounces black,  
Sable her head, and spotted was her back :  
In colour, shape, and spirit passing rare,  
Perfection's self, she baffled all compare.

But Canace, dissolved in pity, lies  
Up to the tree, and each enticement tries  
To lure (if hope of remedy might be)  
The well-nigh fainting mourner from the tree ;  
And holds her lap abroad, or ere she call,  
To catch her, and arrest the giddy fall ;  
And thus in language of the falcon kind  
Gives utterance to her sympathizing mind.

“ Fair bird, if lawful to disclose thy pain,  
The cause and origin of woe explain :  
For never yet such tempest of distress  
I saw, so seeming desperate of redress ;  
And needs that anguish beyond thought must be,  
Whose very spectacle is death to see.  
For mercy’s sake, whatever pangs annoy,  
Desist, nor thus that tender frame destroy ;  
And kill me not with sorrow for thy sake,  
But listen, and descend, and comfort take :  
For, as I am the daughter of a king,  
Relief no less than soothing will I bring,  
If labour, skill, or any power of mine  
May alter and assuage the fates malign ;  
Thrice happy, if composing every smart

Of wound or bruise, I could as soon impart  
The balm of consolation to thine heart."

This heard, the falcon screaming from the tree,  
Fell senseless in the lap of Canace :  
And lying long as one entranced or dead,  
At length revived, and slowly raised her head ;  
And with full many a tear and many a sigh  
Unfolded thus her wayward destiny.

" Compassion evermore and virtue find  
Their native dwelling in the noble mind.  
Those tears, my gentle Canace, I know  
From sweet and undissembling pity flow :  
And therefore, though the sorrows I endure  
Be past the reach of solace or of cure,  
Yet while thy soft suggestions I attend,  
Methinks a kindred spirit calls me friend ;  
And howsoe'er uncouth, nor worth thine ear,  
Yet freely flows my tale from heart sincere.

" Though with my feathered sisters of the sky  
Through cloud and tempest now condemned to fly,

Though chambered in the rock of marble gray,  
And instinct-driven to rend my quivering prey,  
Yet pity once I knew, nor would have harmed  
The smallest living thing in air or earth that swarmed ;  
For human birth was mine, and human frame,  
Till in perfidious love destruction came.

“ By misery driven from his parental home  
In life's eventful pilgrimage to roam,  
My sire had heard the Russian ice-wind blow,  
And felt the summers of Serendib glow ;  
Had hailed the palaces of orient morn,  
And seen departing suns the western main adorn.  
The manners and the laws of every clime  
He marked, and chronicles of hoary time,  
And in the search of wisdom hoped to find  
Repose and medicine for his wounded mind ;  
Till, pilgrimage and toil and danger past,  
In Persia's meads he found repose at last ;  
There guarded, reared and blest my tender age  
With fond endearment and monition sage,  
And strove my ripening intellect to store  
With truth and fortitude, and virtue's lore.



Of regions far remote, and days of old,  
And wonders in the height and depth he told,  
Of nature's fabric and all-perfect scheme,  
And boundless goodness of the Cause supreme.

“But when my fifteenth year began to shed  
Its inauspicious influence o'er my head,  
A neighbouring youth, Faradatha his name,  
Enkindled in my breast affection's flame ;  
Equal our age, alike our tempers seemed,  
And each on each a mutual passion beamed.  
His strength and courage, countenance and mind,  
Whate'er ennobles or adorns mankind,  
Were all, save virtue, noble and complete ;  
And virtue's self he knew to counterfeit  
In goodliest semblance, though repress within  
Corruption lurked, and woe-engendering sin.  
He sighed, he kneeled, remorseless to deceive,  
Vowed spotless truth, and won me to believe.  
Next heaven and my dear father, I relied  
On him, my future spouse, companion, guide ;  
His image was in every thought and care,  
The morning orison and evening prayer.  
And oft, by sadly-pleasing fear distrest,  
Anxious I questioned my self-doubting breast,

What recompence could answer or repay  
His faithful fondness and protecting sway.  
Vain dream, vain happiness, reverse how fell,  
How doubly keen from one beloved so well.

“Twelve moons, twelve blissful moons, the dear  
deceit—

(Ah! why the vanished happiness repeat?)  
Twelve fleeting moons so well the traitor feigned,<sup>o</sup>  
A free confession with my heart he gained :  
Till in vain-glorious confidence secure  
That love would all forgive and all endure,  
Darkly and by degrees he did unroll  
The complicated baseness of his soul ;  
And languishing complained of love too coy,  
And talked of stolen hours enhancing joy :  
Now on my hand with eager glances hung,  
Now to the melting lute insidious sung  
Of honour needing not the legal chain,  
And pity justly due to amorous pain,  
What folly were to waste the precious time,  
How wise to crown with bliss our beauty's prime.

“ Amazed, and doubtful if I heard aright,  
My bosom throbbed with anger and affright ;  
Yet hood-wink’d long and wavering was my fear,  
Slow to suspect, and loth to seem austere :  
My partial wishes still with reason strove,  
And indignation more than half was love.  
He, prompt with blandishment and specious wile  
To say, unsay, and thousand ways beguile,  
Long time with indefatigable art  
Essayed each weaker entrance to my heart :  
But when his countless artifices vain  
Served only to confirm my just disdain,  
And steel insulted tenderness to abjure  
With sad and solemn vows his love impure,  
He groaned, he trembled, gazed with frantic air,  
And wept and smote his breast and tore his hair,  
Then fled, and everlasting absence swore ;  
And false Faradatha was seen no more.

“ But as he went sky loured, and nature frowned  
Earth groaned, and winds re-murmured doleful sound,  
The woodlands reeled, by hurricanes betost,  
The day was sicklied o’er, the sun was lost,

Black clouds of thunder roared, and sudden glare  
Of lightning flashed athwart the troubled air,  
And sailing on the gloom a grisly form  
Was seen to guide with outstretched hand the storm.  
His aspect hideous, his dimensions vast,  
His eyeballs fire, his voice the northern blast ;  
Above my head he waved a gleaming brand,  
And issued thus his merciless command.

“ ‘ Fond Rezia ! shall Faradatha descend  
A frustrate suppliant at thy feet to bend ?  
Thy groveling baseness shall the marriage rite  
With his monarchal destinies unite ?  
Him, by his pride and fierce ambition known,  
Long since the rebel Genii hailed their own ;  
And gave him privilege of magic skill  
To change his blooming loveliness at will  
For giant-sinewed strength, and heart of stone,  
And iron flesh, and adamant bone.  
Thus nerved, invincible he flies to war,  
And mocks the steed, the falchion, and the car ;  
Victory where'er he turns salutes him lord,  
And empires rise or perish at his word ;

Till satiate with renown and kingly power  
He seek repose in Savendrooga's bower,  
Where lurks (O why am I constrained to tell ?)  
The secret of his stars, the master spell,  
On which (how dense, futurity, thy gloom,  
How dark thy menace !) hangs our champion's doom.  
He loves thee, Rezia, but his fates ordain  
That never shall he wear the nuptial chain ;  
For they who with our freeborn host combine  
Must laugh to scorn laws human and divine.  
Consent, and yield to his protecting arms  
In unrestrained love thy willing charms ;  
Else—but I see expostulation vain  
With that coy virtue and obdured disdain.  
Go then—and exiled by a vengeful change  
From peace and hope, the wilds of æther range ;  
Till with the tongue of birds thou canst disclose  
To human ear the story of thy woes,  
Till falls Faradatha, by mortal wight  
Encountered, slain, on Savendrooga's height ;  
And one of woman born shall hand to hand  
Domdaniel's legioned soceries withstand.'

“He threatened ; and ere yet his words had end,  
I felt convulsion strange my bosom rend.  
Through vein and artery ran the wicked spell,  
Filled me with cruelty and hunger fell,  
Embruted all my shape, and upward drove  
Beneath heaven’s chilling canopy to rove,  
And outcast of mankind effuse my moan  
To the rude wind and the deaf mountain stone.  
Nine moons have marked the dismal lapse of time  
Since first I winged the bleak ethereal clime,  
Yet helpless still I wander, and bewail  
My childless sire and happy native dale :  
Nor guardian ministers their aid impart,  
Nor death vouchsafes to heal the broken heart.”

The falcon ceased, and all the virgin train  
With tears of pity answered her again.  
But the kind princess, tutored by her ring,  
Sought every balm, and anodyne of spring,  
Till having herbs of sovereign virtue found  
To staunch and mollify each rankling wound,  
Back to the palace eagerly she bore  
The bleeding bird and salutary store :

Then bade an ample aviary prepare,  
And nursed the sufferer with a sister's care,  
And ceaseless toiled (compassion gave her skill)  
To soften and beguile the sense of ill.  
Fair Canace ! thy name and praise shall live :  
Blest they who pity win, thrice-double blest who give.

And now my spirit (or I much misdeem)  
Dilates and soars with my majestic theme ;  
And henceforth statelier process will I hold  
To sing adventure, tourney, battle bold,  
And wonders such as never yet were told.





ELIAS HYDROCHOUS.

A Sacred Drama.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ELIAS.

AHAB, *King of Israel.*

ABDIAS, *Governor of the household.*

CHORUS, *of faithful Israelites.*

PRIESTS OF BAAL.

PEOPLE.

MESSENGER, *Servant of Elias.*

---

SCENE.—*At the foot of Mount Carmel, near the brook  
Kishon.*

## ELIAS HYDROCHOUS.

---

ΑΗΑΒ.

How slow is time, how wearisome the way,  
When hope deferred lies heavy at the heart.  
But see our journey's end ; the tufted brake  
Of juniper, and yonder lofty rock  
That overshadowing throws his pendulous bulk  
O'er Kishon's nigh-exhausted stream. Is this  
Th' appointed station, Abdias ? art thou sure,  
And sure that he will come ? Again repeat  
The tidings : for my soul unsatisfied  
Craves still assurance more.

## ABDIAS.

My lord and king,

At thy command I traversed hill and dale  
Of Israel's realm, if haply from the blast  
And three years' drought a pittance had escaped  
Of forage that might save the royal steeds  
Of pageantry and war : but long the search,  
And frustrate all ; day after day the sun  
Cloudless arose, and fired the sky, and parched  
The gaping earth ; each watercourse was dry,  
Each breeze the breath of furnace ; and the soil  
Loose as the sandy wilderness, upflew  
In clouds before the wind. O'erspent, and full  
Of rumination sad, at length I came  
Where now we tread : when 'thwart the twilight  
dusk

Of day-dawn, in corporeal form revealed,  
The prophet sought so oft, from realm to realm  
With fruitless search, so long on earth unseen,  
Slowly approached me, nor could I mistake  
That majesty of countenance and form  
Surpassing human : and the very voice  
And utterance of Elias in mine ears

Resounded, while with brief and solemn speech  
He thus began. "Haste, Abdias, to thy king,  
And certify whom thou hast seen, and add,  
In presence visible Elias comes,  
To give him meeting here." With prostrate awe  
I fell, and thus returned. "Command not so,  
Nor bid me with such dangerous embassy  
Possess the royal ear. When I am gone,  
The spirit shall sequester thee far hence,  
I know not whither; and my sovereign's ire,  
When coming at my call he finds thee not,  
Shall doom me to the death." The prophet heard,  
And thus replied. "As liveth He, the Lord  
Of Hosts, by whom, and before whom I stand,  
Assuredly to Ahab, here, this day  
Will I appear." Emboldened thus, I rose,  
And came (not uninformed of thine approach)  
To utter his behest: for on the way  
Already rumour to mine ears had borne  
Thy pilgrimage to Carmel, with the priests  
Of Baalim, and mighty concourse called  
From every tribe, to celebrate the rite  
Sidonian, and from heathen gods implore  
Refreshing rain.

AHAB.

It looks like truth: and yet  
I scarce believe for joy. He is the last  
Of those rebellious, who defiance hurled  
To Astaroth, and mocked my radiant queen  
Even at her altars: therefore have they fallen  
Beneath the sword; and he, the chief, the worst,  
The sole survivor, shall at length be mine.

ABDIAS.

Yet think: he is the prophet of the Lord,  
Of Him whose stern denunciation binds  
The clouds in iron, shuts the treasure-house  
Of rain and dew, and three long years hath sent  
A famine o'er the land: and wilt thou more  
Incense the dread Chastiser?

AHAB.

Am I son  
Of Omri, before whom the knee was bowed  
In Gabathon, and am I Israel's king?

And am I to be baffled thus, and braved  
And bearded by a frantic slave? How oft  
In grove or temple, festival or fast,  
Hath he rebuked me like a bondman, taxed  
My worship with idolatry, laid curse  
On my possessions, poisoned my repose  
With threats of judgment.

## ABDIAS.

His indeed the tongue,  
But whose the bidding? the mysterious trance  
Was on him, and he heard the voice divine,  
And visions of Jehovah sanctified  
His fiery lips, and sent him to reprove  
Israel's apostasy.

## AHAB.

Sent or unsent,  
This day he dies: the congregated prime  
Of all my people, all that to the sun,  
The moon and stars burn incense, shall behold  
His blood (a welcome expiation) flow,

Peace-offering to the violated fame  
Of all my gods.

## ABDIAS.

But where the shrine is reared  
For that dire sacrifice, chained thunderbolts  
In fury shall descend, or earth beneath  
Open to her foundations, and entomb  
The murderous pomp. Posterity shall shrink  
From the detested region, whose convulsed  
And blackened solitudes shall utter sound  
Of woe in sinful ears, and chronicle  
The wrath supreme.

## AHAB.

Peace ; and speak never more,  
Rather than so : the world and all its wealth  
Would I resign, so I had nothing heard  
Of all that was divulged on Sinai's mount  
In fire and thunder. What is fame to me,  
Or power, or empire, but an empty dream,



The mockery of a bliss I may not taste,  
If saws and ordinances are to curb  
My royalties ; if when desire and hope  
And birth-right and dominion loudest call  
To plunge amid the warm voluptuous flood  
Of pomp and luxury ; if then the laws  
And lore traditional of Amram's son  
Rush upon memory, peopling all the brain  
With prodigies and threatenings that might drive  
The soul from seat of reason ? And if e'er  
My better hopes have triumphed, and I know  
And feel myself a king, and taste the sweets  
Of monarchy, thy bodings come to rouse  
The sleeping anguish ? How hast thou presumed,  
Slave as thou art, to dally with the cares  
Of my most inward soul, the bosom terror  
Intolerable, that cankers my high fortune,  
And palsies empire ? Better be a worm  
Than Israel's king, and scorned as I am scorned  
By this Elias. Long ago the sword  
Of majesty had smitten to the dust  
The upbraiding traitor, feared I not the wrath  
Of Him who plunged Abiram and his peers  
Alive into the abyss. That dreadful arm

Again may thunder, and at once exile me  
From all the joys of sense, from all I prize  
Or covet, to the pestilent profound  
Of darkness and corruption. 'Tis a thought  
May not be dwelt upon ; nor may I waste  
The moments in vain musing, when so much  
Is to be done—haste, Abdias, and convoke  
The people ; bid them wait in readiness  
Our great solemnity ; then hither call  
To present divination and consult  
The priests of Baal.

## ABDIAS.

To consult with them  
Is adding ill to ill. They smile and lure  
With honeyed blandishment, but never knew  
What truth or virtue mean. O rather turn  
Where better guides approach : the chosen few  
Of all thy counsellors, who never swerved  
From the pure law of Horeb, never bowed  
The knee to Remphan, nor profaned the faith  
Of Abraham and of Moses, hither bend  
Their reverend steps.

AHAB.

No more of this : begone,  
And do as I commanded. Who are ye  
That break my privacy ? The king demands  
To know your pleasure ; wherefore ye intrude  
Uncalled, importunate, unwelcome ; fraught  
With admonition and predicted ill ?

CHORUS.

Gray hairs have privilege : and when the storms  
Roar in their madness, welcome any hand  
That can to safety steer. Thy kingdom mourns  
Beneath the yoke and penalty of sin,  
And sin must be repented of, ere grace  
Or mercy can find way. Let public prayer  
And penitence for public guilt atone,  
That we may be forgiven, and once again  
Behold and bless the life-imparting shower.

AHAB.

This then is all ; and ye have fondly dreamed  
The monarchy of Israel slept supine

Regardless of his realm : but I had done  
The deed, ere ye had ripened into thought.  
The fast hath been proclaimed : already comes  
From Jezreel hither all my state, the priests  
Of Baal, and the prophets of the groves,  
And crowds processional by herald's trump  
From Dan to Bethel called.

## CHORUS.

O never, never  
Can lips or rites like these acceptance find,  
Or safety : wherefore come they but to breathe  
Their orisons before the senseless block  
And molten image ? God of Abraham, hear ;  
Have pity on thy people, and withdraw  
The scourge of our impiety.

## AHAB.

'Tis well  
And wisely spoken ; go then, and invoke  
His tenderness, who three successive years  
Hath interdicted heaven, and changed to flame  
Its liquid treasures : such his benison,

And such his mercy past, and such the pledge  
Of mercy yet to come.

## CHORUS.

We render thanks  
Even for the punishment of guilt, and bless  
The fatherly corrections that drive back  
The wanderer to his God. Not undeserved  
Nor unforeseen the sharp infliction fell :  
Long time the stroke hung over us, long time  
Elias warned.

## AHAB.

Accursed be the name.  
It haunts me in the palace, at the altar,  
My solitude embitters, and appals  
My slumber. The remembrance of that day  
Is a full nest of scorpions, when my queen  
Had newly slain the prophets, and sublime  
At banquet sat we throned, amid the pomp  
Of nobles, warriors, priests of Teraphim,  
Exulting o'er the dead : magnificence  
And joy unbounded reigned ; when suddenly

In at the portal, like a spectre came  
The seer of Thoschab : haggard were his eyes  
That measured us in anger ; vengeance loured  
On his demoniac brow : the mirth was dumb,  
The music ended, and our quivering knees  
Against each other smote, as with a voice  
That curdled up our blood, he thus began.  
“ Blasphemers, murderers, revel in your deeds,  
Heap sin on sin, but know that ye are marked  
For judgment ; know that barrenness and drought  
Are hasting to consume you. Till the tongue  
That now denounces vengeance change its note  
To gentle intercession, and implore  
Remission of the doom, no rain shall bless  
The day, nor ever dew by night descend.”  
He ceased, and vanished. From that fatal hour  
The clouds have been dried up, and earth beneath  
Languishing withers.

## CHORUS.

When the nations reel  
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with the blood  
Of innocence, then issue plague and sword,

Famine and fire ; and children's children rue  
Their sacrilegious fathers.

## AHAB.

Insolent !

Be mute when I command thee ; and no more  
Assay before the footstool to abase me,  
Of whom the patriarchs worshipped. I despair  
Pardon from him whose stern ambassadors  
To me speak never good. Time was, perchance,  
When seasonable instruction might have trained  
My spirit to the legal ordinance,  
And taught me to confide in oracle,  
By Urim given and Thummim : but that time  
Long since is past : long since have I resigned  
To pleasure, and irrevocably chosen  
The gay devotion of Ethbaal's realm,  
That beckons me to sprightlier ceremonies,  
Each sense alluring, and each wish fulfilling.

## CHORUS.

Refulgent sun, declare  
The fountain of thy glory, and the Power

That gives thee to career in light and joy  
From the pavilions of the morn  
To where the crimson occident  
O'erhangs th' immeasurable sea.  
Mazaroath, ye that bind  
In mystic orb of constellated fires  
The seasons and their change,  
And all ye stellar guardians of the night,  
Ye lamps that burn along the road to heaven,  
Resound your Maker's praise :  
And ye, the thousand times ten thousand,  
That ministrant around the thunderous throne  
In adoration bow,  
Proclaim, for ye were present, and beheld  
How from the womb of chaos and of night  
Innumerable worlds arose  
Obedient to Jehovah's call :  
And ye beheld when at his look of doom  
The doors and fountains of the deep  
Were broken up, and desolation rode  
Upon the boundless ocean that devoured  
Earth and the generations of mankind.  
Can deities of wood and stone  
To th' unholy prayer and vow



Give audience or reply ?  
The chiselled block derides  
Its own besotted worshipper,  
Who for the hewn similitude  
Of monster, brute and fiend,  
And loathly shapes and fantasies  
Of superstition's brain,  
Forsakes the Holy One of Israel,  
Whose arm at Baal-zephon sepulchred  
Proud Egypt in the deep,  
And smiting Jordan's flood,  
Dry-shod led his people through,  
While from his presence in affright  
The hills and mountains fled.  
He dashed the walls of Jericho to dust,  
And barbed with hail the clouds,  
And bade their archery at Beth-horon quell  
The puissance of confederate kings,  
And held the sun suspense  
On Gibeon, and the moon in Ajalon,  
And swelled the horned might of Kishon's flood  
To whelm the steeds and cars of Sisera.  
Deluded sinners ! turn,  
Renounce your idols, and repent

While mercy may be found,  
Lest inextinguishable fire  
Consume you, and your memory leave  
Detestable to latest age,  
Like the salt pillar in that blasted plain,  
Where stood Gomorrah, still beheld  
A monumental woe.

## AHAB.

Provoke me not too far, lest I forget  
Your utter worthlessness, how far beneath  
The scope of my revenge ; beware the sword  
Which indignation hath already half  
Unsheathed to smite you. Ah ! why reels the frame  
Of nature, what unwonted shadowing veils  
The cheerful dawn ?

## CHORUS.

I hear a rushing sound  
Of whirlwind, and the mountains disappear,  
In eddying smoke involved ; and 'mid the gloom  
I see—or is it all illusion ? No ;

'Tis he : his very self. Hail, long withheld,  
And sought with tears, our lost Elias ! hail,  
Interpreter of heaven !

AHAB.

Stern destiny  
Hath borne him in the chariot of the winds,  
And clad him with invulnerable arms :  
The supernatural visiting confounds  
And vanquishes : I tremble, and my limbs  
Sink under me.

ELIAS.

Rise, Ahab, king of Israel,  
And look upon me : He who brought me hither  
Is passed by, and leaves thee to converse  
As man with man.

CHORUS.

Take courage, prince, and hold  
The eventful colloquy : for on his brow  
(Though mournful and austere) compassion dwells.

AHAB.

Stand back ; and meddle not with things too high  
For thee ; but carry thy vain babble hence  
To where 'tis needed. Be it mine to face  
The sudden foe. And art thou found, O thou  
That troublest Israel ?

ELIAS.

Say not I am he  
That troubleth Israel : their own sins, and thine  
And of thy father's house, when ye forsook  
The Lord your God, and followed Baalim,  
Drew down the devastation. Mine were words  
Of prophecy and message more than prayer.  
But whatsoe'er they were, I did but speak  
By prompture of the Spirit : his the voice  
That barred the ethereal citadels, and shut  
The windows of the rain.

AHAB.

What pastime then  
To thee and to thy God : the rivers dry,

The harvest parched, the vintages on fire,  
The cry of orphans and the widow's groan :  
Thyself in vaporous tabernacle veiled,  
To range unseen at pleasure, and peruse  
Our miseries, and bemock our lengthened woe.

## ELIAS.

Bear witness, earth and heaven, if ever prince  
In clemency his servants so forbore,  
If ever father so unwilling smote  
His disobedient children, as the Lord  
Hath smitten Israel. Forty years he gave  
His guardian presence in the wilderness,  
Poured down the food of angels on your host,  
Sent often his empyreal messengers  
On embassies of love, and warned you oft  
By judge and seer ; yet Him have ye renounced  
For idols and for fiends. O had ye fallen  
Into the hands of man, and had the wrath  
Of God been sudden as the choleric heat  
Of sublunary princes, long ago  
All Israel in the sepulchre had slept,  
Silence and night their covering, and the worm

Their winding sheet : or had Jehovah dealt  
Strictly with your desert, a thousand years  
Of sickness, famine, pestilence, and war,  
Your cities sacked, your mountain garrisons  
Scaled like a vulture's nest, your fields despoiled,  
Your young men slain, your elders captive led,  
Your infants dashed on stones, or perishing  
Abortive in the womb, had not atoned  
The vast offence : for all our history  
Is lust, oppression, devil-sacrifice,  
Age after age, from the rebellious routs  
In Marah and Rephidim, to that day  
Of blasphemy, when thy remorseless queen,  
Ethbaal's blood-delighting daughter, slew  
The prophets of the Lord.

AHAB.

No : swallow down  
That false and foul reproach again ; for well  
Thou knowest, all perished not.

ELIAS.

Wherefore not all ?  
Was that thy mercy ? Was it the relenting

Of Ahab and of Jezebel, that saved  
A remnant from the sword ? Not one ye spared  
Of all that could be found ; and had ye known  
Their place of refuge, and the pious hand  
That rescued them, the rest had perished too,  
And with them their preserver : but his name  
Is registered for a reward on high,  
And known to God alone. Well have ye taught  
Lessons of slaughter, and the people well  
Have profited : like eagles from afar  
They stoop upon the quarry, more athirst  
For blood the more they gorge ; and day by day  
From city drive to city, scarce in rocks  
Secure, in forest, mountain, cave, or den,  
The witnesses of Truth. How few are left  
That still hold fast obedience, and adore  
The Lord Most High !

AHAB.

Yet those elect, their God  
Abandons to their fate : no manna falls  
Around their dwelling, nor the luscious quail

Upon their habitation, as of old  
Amid the wilderness : no water-brook  
For them uprises, nor the rain and dew  
In sign of favour plenteousness impart.

## ELIAS.

Are quails and manna, water-brook and rain,  
All, or the best of all he can bestow ?  
There is a sustenance, there is a gift  
That savours not of earth, nor harbours taint  
Of earth's corruption, but can smooth the brow  
Of penury and pain, and light up smiles  
Upon the cheek of death : there is a hope  
Outsoars mortality ; there is a faith  
Lays hold on bliss celestial.

## AHAB.

Specious hypocrite,  
Easy for thee to fable and to vaunt  
Of hope and faith, exempted as thou art  
From suffering : thirst and hunger reach not thee,  
For whom protecting Providence hath spread  
A table in the desert : thou canst look



Serene on Israel's woe, while thine the smooth  
And pleasant office, to prescribe content,  
And dictate how salubrious are the stripes  
That touch not thee.

## ELIAS.

And is it nothing then  
That I am torn from my paternal fields,  
From family and home, in banishment  
Houseless to wander? Nothing then to live  
A thing forbidden, pining in the lair  
Of savage beast, remote from man, cut off  
From social intercourse? Or wouldst thou change  
For dreariment like this thy regal pomp  
And luxury, leave thy soft voluptuous couch  
To pillow thee on rocks, thy sumptuous board  
To diet with the ravens, or thy domes  
With cedar lined, and painted with vermilion,  
For savage solitudes and antres wild?  
Earth and earth's comforts, what are they to me  
Who scarce partake man's nature, nor may tread  
The common paths of death? But not for this  
I came, not idly to hold argument

With guilt that will not learn : but to display  
In action, and proof palpable, the power  
Of heaven's omnific Sire. Immediate call  
The multitude that waits thee from each tribe  
Of Israel, and to present issue bring  
The strife of God with idols : let this day  
Determine which the God that answer gives  
By sign miraculous : and if not to me  
Such answer be vouchsafed, then let me die.

## AHAB.

Ha ! is it so ? and under the fair show  
Of bold defiance lurks no fraudulent snare ?  
Is there no secret peril, is no charm  
Inwoven with thy life ? and if I take  
The forfeiture, shall no blood-vestured plague,  
No afterbirth of ill the deed avenge ?

## ELIAS.

Are then thy gods so feeble, that a spell  
Can baffle them ? Not so the Holy One  
Omnipotent, before whose judgment-seat  
And in whose hand once more I make appeal.

If miracle attest me not this day  
Ambassador of God, be instant death  
My lot ; nor Sidon's realm, nor Israel's tribes,  
Nor thou nor thine shall ever rue the doom.

## AHAB.

Moth and Beelphegor, rejoicing hear !  
I did but wish ; and fortune hath fulfilled  
My utmost heart's desire : and see the priests  
Of Baalim, by Abdias led, advance  
Already : Abdias, measure back thy steps,  
And bid expectant Israel to this place  
Assemble straight. Ye prophets of the groves,  
Behold your enemy, so long pursued  
Through many a realm, while issued not a voice  
From all our oracles to guide the search,  
Or whisper hope ; behold him hither brought  
Before our face, and given to our revenge.

## PRIEST.

Magnific day :  
Fraught with conquest and with glory,  
And tributary victims paid

To Hivite images and shrines.  
Ye Cemarim, arouse  
Your instruments of music, and exalt  
Baal-berith's peerless power,  
And the name unparagoned,  
Belth-samaim, queen of heaven.  
Let canticle and hymn  
O'er high-place and o'er grove resound,  
O'er valley, plain and mountain,  
Far-borne by secret magic of the winds  
To Beth-Dagon's distant pile ;  
Where the mighty habitant  
Hearing shall applaud your joy.  
Let the furnace glow  
With seven-fold fury to consume  
The base reviler of our rites :  
Storm and tempest sweep  
His viewless ashes through mid air,  
And with careering blast  
Disperse them to the corners of the world,  
Lest reposing they pollute  
The region where they fall.

## ELIAS.

O Thou that sittest on the cherubim,  
Awhile have pity and forbear :  
Lest, if thou walk abroad in anger,  
The pillars of the firmament  
Astonished tremble, and before thy throne  
Heaven and earth in terror fly,  
And never more be found.

## AHAB.

Thy prayers are imprecations : but rail on,  
Unheeded ; never sound was on thy tongue  
But uttered ill-portending speech. Rejoice  
Ye prophets yet again : for had we seized  
By violence of arms, or lured by fraud  
Our foe into the snare, a doubt had risen  
If safely we might trench upon a life  
By Him protected, who at will withholds  
The dew, the clouds and rain : but self-betrayed,  
Self-brought, he comes ; abandoned of his God,  
And open to assault : himself hath sworn,  
That if no prodigy this day proclaim  
His embassy divine, heaven never more

Will arm in his defence. The cause shall straight  
Be tried in Israel's sight : already called,  
They are at hand, and soon shall drag him forth  
To the blasphemer's death.

PRIEST.

But why delay  
Our vengeance ; and what cause is to be tried  
In Israel's sight, and how ?

AHAB.

Have I not said ?  
The cause of Baal and Jehovah ; here,  
In open day, before the assembled tribes,  
To prove by invocation which the power  
That will miraculous answer give.

PRIEST.

Alas !

What means the king ?

AHAB.

What should I mean, but joy  
And victory ? hast thou not a heart to share

The triumph, thankless that thou art? what mean  
Those wildered looks of dread?

PRIEST.

A fearful sound  
Is in mine ears, calamity and ruin  
Glaring with horrid speculation, swim  
Before my sight; I shiver, and the pangs  
Of death are on me.

AHAB.

What hath changed thee thus?  
What madness or what demon thus hath bound thee  
In trance of idle fear?

PRIEST.

Say not, O king!  
An idle fear. I knew not he had come,  
Self brought: it cannot be, he would have rushed  
Thus wantonly on fate, but that he bears  
A charmed life, a spell yet undivulged,  
Which nothing may resist.

AHAB.

Abhorred slave !

Ill fares the monarchy that lends an ear  
To falsehood such as thine. I loathe the wretch  
Who, constant to no purpose, yields and stoops  
Like a wind-shaken reed. What aid hath he,  
Save from his God ? And that by solemn oath  
He hath renounced. Are all your multitudes  
Affrighted at the sight of one ?

PRIEST.

His power

We know not what nor whence : but such it is  
That when his angry imprecations roll,  
The countless elemental host attend  
And execute his will. A thousand fears  
Environ me, and with mysterious dread  
I shudder, and my brain turns round.

AHAB.

Are all

Alike conspired, and are the worshippers



Of Him who spake in Horeb with the priests  
Of Baal leagued in union, each to each  
Echoing one universal shriek and groan  
Of presages funereal? Come the worst  
That can be thought upon, and let the foe  
In ease and safety set at nought my power :  
What then ? it were a rank indignity  
Unwonted and unfit for kings to bear ;  
But there the bodement ends : his rescued life  
Imports no peril.

## PRIEST.

Not to thee, O King !

Fenced as thou art with the divinity  
That prospers Omri's lineage : but to us  
Bethink thee what must follow, if the throngs  
Of Israel once misconstrue or mislike  
Our worship and tradition. In the heart  
Of the gross populace we must be all  
Or nothing : either we are held as gods,  
Or they to us impute, from us exact  
Of all their trespass and of all their suffering  
A bloody expiation.

AHAB.

Be it so :

Shall I for that, for them, or thee remit  
One atom of my will? If earth or heaven  
Forego their wonted courses to defend  
Our adversary, thou and thine have called  
The peril on your heads : and let it come.  
Thou hast provoked, and must abide it. Oft  
Hast thou with vaunt and legendary tale  
From better thought seduced me to confide  
In Syrian gods and Baal's boundless sway :  
These hast thou set before me as the sole  
Protectors of my realm ; these now be thine.

PRIEST.

We fable not, O king ; our godheads then  
As now were mighty ; but dissolved in bliss  
They note not every chance. At such an hour,  
While Baal sleeps, Jehovah issues forth,  
Dispeopling empires.

## ELIAS.

Cease your arguings, vain  
Deceivers, and deceived, self-blinded, self-  
Undone : for when discourse of reason weaves  
The web of sin, when pandering to damnation  
Ye plead the cause of fiends, Jehovah hears,  
Records, and dooms, and on the impenitent  
Rains tempest, fire, perdition infinite,  
Unquenchable : then lust and murder howl,  
Then blasphemies obscene convert to groans  
That respite never know. Enough: thy will  
Hath been obeyed : the congregation comes,  
O King ; and inspiration visitant  
Awakes my parable. Ah, sinful nation !  
Ah, people laden with iniquity !  
Why halt ye thus between the severing ways  
Of life and death ? For if the Lord be God  
Him worship, and Him only : but if Baal,  
Then follow him.

## CHORUS.

Yet unassur'd, they press  
With eyeballs on the strain to nearer view ;

Then back, as from a fearful apparition,  
Recoiling, gaze in consternation, shame,  
And tongueless wonder. Such the pause ere winds  
Mix in tumultuary uproar, and rend  
The cedars and the rocks of Lebanon.

## ELIAS.

Four hundred priests and fifty in the groves  
Of Baal, and around his altars bow.  
I, even I alone, am to be found  
A prophet of the Lord; none else dare own  
A name so fatal: single here I stand  
Against a host. The sheep and oxen know  
Their owner; and the turtle and the crane,  
The stork and swallow keep the appointed times  
And seasons of their coming: man alone  
(Though prime of all the creatures) will not hear  
The bidding of his Maker. Hither bring  
Two bullocks: one let these idolatrous  
Slay and divide: and pile it upon wood,  
And put no fire beneath: myself will slay  
And lay on wood the victim that remains,  
But without fire. Then call ye on the name

Of all your gods, and I will invoke  
The Lord ; and he that answereth by fire,  
Let him be God.

PEOPLE.

'Tis just ; and spoken well.

PRIEST.

Again before thy feet we fall: O change  
Thy purposes, great king ! nor cast us down  
Into the deluge dark and turbulent  
Of peril. Think, ere yet it be too late  
For hope and mercy.

AHAB.

Think me not a leaf  
To shake with every wind. The word is past  
Irrevocable : shall I be forsworn,  
And start aside from compact in the view  
Of Israel, and in presence of the sun ?  
The wide world perish rather ! Answer not

But by obedience ; or the brazen hoof  
Of power shall trample you into your graves.

PRIEST.

O lost—for ever lost—  
Miserable they who trust  
In princes ; miserable they  
Who for a monarch's smile renounce  
The service of their God.  
Whither can we turn,  
Or whither can we fly ?  
Every way lost—the vengeance and the curse  
We called for, fall on our own heads,  
And ruin drags us to the dire abysme  
Whence no return.  
Ye vales, and mountain groves, no more  
Shall we behold you : farewell to the pomp  
And revelry of sacrificial feast ;  
Farewel to the light,  
And to the pleasureable day,  
While into bottomless despair  
Unpitied we descend.  
O that we were the worm

And reptile crawling in the dust—  
O that we could melt  
To nothing—that we never had been born.

## ELIAS.

The victims are at hand. Ye first essay  
The rites, for ye are many ; and prepare  
Your holocaust, and to the fuel bring  
No mortal fire ; but supplicate your Gods,  
If peradventure from the cavern's gulf,  
Or pregnant cloud, or sun, or errant star,  
Or furnaces of over-arching heaven,  
Swift conflagration answer to your call.

## CHORUS.

Now on th' enchanter priesthood (sure though late),  
Falls retribution : circummur'd and watched  
By Israel's tribes, they taste the bitterness  
Of death already, while from side to side  
They glance, as meditating flight. How heave  
Their bosoms in dismay : with downcast looks,  
With sunken eyes, with trembling lips and hands,

Reluctantly around their altar go  
The lamentable throng: small heart have they  
To chant the song of idols, or to clang  
With timbrel and with dance.

ELIAS.

Their earthly life  
 Is forfeit : what hereafter may befall  
 The spirits from their fleshy tenement  
 Dismissed to judgment, that in solemn awe  
 Forbear we to define ; th' account that sums  
 Their trespasses, must never be unroll'd,  
 Till in the last sin-offering earth, and sea,  
 And huge circumference of the skies consume.

CHORUS.

O altar rent in twain !  
O ashes of the sacrifice  
Poured out abroad, what time the royal hand  
Withered in act to seize  
The prophet who at Bethel's shrine proclaimed  
Woe to idolatry !



Voice or utterance need ye none  
To record the wrath supreme  
Incumbent on each high-place, fane, and grove  
Where heathen incantation scares the sun  
With mingled rites of lust and blood.  
The giant Anakim were driven  
From Hebron and their vaunted towers  
That nestled in the rock,  
The gory Canaanites were slain  
From Merom's waters east to Mizpeh's vale ;  
Their steeds were maimed, their chariots burnt with  
fire,  
Their populous cities heard  
No tread of human feet ; the lion walked  
Along the grass-grown streets,  
And bitterns screamed beside the stagnant pool.  
Such peace have they who bow  
To idols, and forsake the Living Lord :  
Could they under mountains hide,  
Or in the central earth their impious throngs,  
Even there would he o'ertake them in the deep,  
And turn the sheltering darkness into day.  
Or if their impious pride  
With brief prosperity permissive crowned,

Above the stars of God aspire  
Into the palaces of heaven ;  
Suddenly, ere speech  
Or thought can mark, they fall  
To helpless ruin, hopeless woe ;  
Their pomp, magnificence, and power  
Vanished like the morning dew,  
And not a place or name behind.  
But the progress of the just  
In ever-during blessedness serene,  
Measures with inexhausted strength  
The drear and barren wild,  
Careless of the burning sand,  
Unconscious of the stifling blast ;  
So full their hearts of hopes  
So fixed on immortality their gaze.  
When tempest and when danger swell,  
Deep calling deep, the winds and waves,  
The seas and skies contending,  
Till rocks are rooted from their base,  
And mountains hurled to the profound  
Of ocean, still they smile  
At the vain turmoil of the storm,  
And o'er the cloud-assaulting billows walk

In unappalled peace ;  
Till on eagle-wings they mount  
Into interminable joy,  
And in their flesh see God.

## AHAB.

Of this no more. It is not now a time,  
I am not now at leisure, nor at ease,  
To hear or to reprove thee, while the hours  
Drag thus in long delay. The ritual pomp  
Is all complete, and punctual in each shape  
Of ceremony and sanctimonious charm  
Which antique usage bids. Why linger then  
The voices that vaticinate, the powers  
That oft in temple, or imbowering grove,  
By fall of waters, or in craggy cleft,  
Gave signal and response ?

## ELIAS.

It is because  
They have been summoned to the combating  
Of open day, and hunted from the dens

Where enginry and secret avenues,  
Practised along the vaulting or the walls  
Or pavement of the dusky shrine, gave form  
And semblance to false wonders. Such thy Gods ;  
So motionless, and impotent, and dumb,  
Till human fraud abet them. Sentinelled  
By guards like these, O how defenceless stands  
The city which on Shemer's purchased hill  
Thy father Omri year by year adorned  
In envy, to outparagon the praise  
Of Salem's templed bulwarks ! but unblest  
He builded in unrighteousness his towers,  
Nor called o'er his metropolis the Name  
Of Jacob's God : hence, like the mellow hangings  
Of palm and vine, her unprotected wealth  
Serves but to lure the plunderer. Think betimes,  
And Him invoke whose omnipresent arm  
Can strengthen thine endangered gates with bolt  
And bar impregnable : bid Israel cast  
Aside their idols, and in penitence  
Adoring, mourn : contrition is the pledge  
Of grace and covenant with auxiliar heaven.

## PRIEST.

Hoarse with our agonizing cries, and faint  
With toil, our strength suffices scarce to leap  
Upon thine altars, Baal, or conjure  
Thy succour : hear us, king of ether ! hear  
Thy suppliants tottering on the precipice  
Of death : for see, how the regardless sun  
Is stooping from his noontide tower, and half,  
And more than half our respite from the sword  
Is past and gone. Thou hearest not : O yet  
Gird on the sword, brandish the spear, and hurl  
Thy fire-shafts on our offerings !

## ELIAS.

Cry aloud.

He is a God, and wherefore answers not ?  
Is he consulting, or in hot pursuit  
Of routed foes, or to a distant land  
On journey bound ? or peradventure, worn  
With warlike feats, he slumbers ; nor awakes,  
Till started from oblivion by the din  
Of ceaseless clamour.

## CHORUS.

Franticly they vent  
Their inarticulate woe : see how they slash  
Their naked arms, till streams the gushing blood  
O'er knife and lancet.

## ELIAS.

By a thread they hang  
Between two worlds, from succour and from hope  
Shut out beyond redemption, scarce alive,  
Ruin before, behind, on every side,  
Above them God, beneath them hell. Aloud  
They cry to Baal, to the graven stock  
That cannot help, nor hear. There was an hour  
For mercy, but they spurned away the boon ;  
And neither Israel's tribes, nor Israel's king,  
Nor all the hosts and princedom of the world  
Can save them now.

## AHAB.

And have I lived to hear  
Contempt and arrogance like this ? But know,

There yet is power in Israel to control  
Thy bloody will. Ye prophets of the groves,  
Give to the wind your fears : for by my queen,  
My dignities and life I swear, that end  
The strife as end it may, whate'er betide,  
Whate'er befall, though earth be shaken, skies  
Be opened, and blue cataracts of fire  
Rush down, yet my supremacy shall walk  
Around you, and forbid th' approach of harm.

## ELIAS.

'Tis deeply sworn : and since the kingly oath  
Is past that so it shall be, ye are safe,  
If earth-born prowess with Omnipotence  
Can vie, or dust and ashes cope with heaven.

## CHORUS.

How feeble in such strife habergeon, spear,  
Purple and domination, hosts and realms,  
Time witnesses, and we have heard of yore  
From our forefathers. Jericho and Ai,  
Midian and Amalek, and Bashan's king,  
And Kirjath-Arba, and from Halak mount

To Baal-Gad in Lebanon's rich vale,  
And Debir's brood, and Hazor's fire-doomed towers,  
Defied the armies of the Living Lord,  
But from the presence of Jehovah fled  
As hornets from the blast.

## PRIEST.

## Divinities

Of Zidon and of Tyre, awake and see,  
Hear and avenge ! By all our service past,  
Our genuflections, sacrifices, vows,  
Our self-gashed nakedness, and streaming gore,  
Hear from your bosky summits, greenwood haunts,  
Rocky clefts and pebbled rills !  
Remphan and Asarach, give ear  
In this our utmost need !  
Chemos and Anamelech,  
Behold us, and defend !  
Is there still no voice, no sign,  
No speech nor answer, though the day  
Lower and lower yet  
From its meridian height descend ?  
Carcer not thus, impatient sun,



Nor with thy swift-declining beams  
Mock at our misery.  
Check his fatal speed,  
Queen of the firmament !  
And drive him backward to his orient halls,  
Or chain him motionless in mid-way heaven.  
Unheeding he rides on.  
Not a vision, not a sound,  
Not a chance is left,  
Not a hope remains ;  
While the westward orb  
Inexorable goes down.  
O for a moment to recal  
That parting radiance : still it sinks,  
It disappears—the rest is death,  
And the dreadful judgment-day,  
Th' eternal and insufferable doom,  
Whose very thought is hell.  
A thousand long-forgotten deeds of sin,  
Too late remembered, now before our sight,  
In legioned horror glare,  
And all around us flock the throngs  
Innumerable, of murdered innocents  
To Moloch sacrificed by fire

In that detested vale.  
Fall on us, hills and mountains,  
Hide us from Jehovah's eye.  
The bottomless profound  
To devour us opens wide,  
And blazes, thunders, groans.

## ELIAS.

Weep ; for ye have full cause : no power is mine  
(Whate'er my inward will) to let you go ;  
So rank is your offence, so long inured  
To falsehood, so obdurate to blaspheme.  
Ye cannot call it ignorance ; for ye knew  
The law ere ye forsook it, the decree  
Inflexible, that nothing may redeem  
Idolaters from death : it is no time  
To dally, when rebellion against God  
Infects our confines ; mercy is in league  
With justice then to stay the plague, and close  
The mouths that open only to persuade  
Impiety and lust. I was not sent  
To change the Law's pre-ordinance, or mix  
Mine own short-sighted pity with behest

Of sovereign power : and therefore, though with feet  
Reluctant, though in grief I come, constrained  
By embassy and office to convict  
And yield you up idolaters, to abide  
Th' appointed doom. 'Tis now the solemn hour  
Of evening sacrifice, the hour divine  
Wherein Jehovah day by day made pause  
In his creation, and with blessing sealed  
The perfect work : O hour so lovely once  
In holier years, when Isaac's heritage  
Walked yet with God, and earth resembled heaven,  
How hast thou long been lonely and forgotten,  
Thy vows how silent, and thy services  
How slighted and profaned ! Each idol shrine  
A thousand hands adorn : but how defaced,  
How moss-clad, violated, broken down,  
The altar of the Lord ! To you I turn,  
Assembled multitudes. Twelve stones collect,  
According to the number of the tribes  
Of Jacob, whom the Lord in Peniel named  
Israel, redoubted prince ; and build anew  
God's altar, and around it make a trench  
Ample and deep.

PEOPLE.

At thy command 'tis done.

ELIAS.

The wood I range in order, and divide  
The victim-steer, and on the wood dispose  
His reeking limbs. Stand not aloof; advance,  
Mark well, look narrowly, and record bear  
No fire or spark is nigh. Next, to confirm  
Your own eye-witness surer still, with speed  
From Kishon water bring, and on the wood  
And on the bullock pour; the second time,  
And yet the third time with insatiate drench  
Flood the piled fuel.

PEOPLE.

Thrice have we obeyed;  
And, lo! the prodigal effusion streams  
Redundant from the altar, and dilates  
In spacious current.

ELIAS.

Yet remains to fill  
The circling trench.

PEOPLE.

We fill, and it o'erflows,  
And far and wide around the thirsty sand  
Is gladdened with the moisture.

AHAB.

What imports  
The tedious ceremonial? will it ne'er  
Have end? what means this studied circumstance,  
This lingering preparation, that provokes  
Disdain and laughter? Will the waters blaze  
At thy command, proud Tishbite? But I thank  
Thy vaunting folly that hath made impossible  
The succour of confederate fraud, and stamped  
My victory doubly sure. Haste, to the proof,  
Impostor; meet thy doom, embrace thy death.

## ELIAS.

Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob,  
Let it be known this day that thou art God  
In Israel, and that I have done all this  
According to thy will. Hear me, O Lord !  
Hear me, that all the people may adore  
In penitence thy Name.

## PRIEST.

O mercy — mercy —

## PEOPLE.

The Lord he is the God ! the Lord he is the God !

## CHORUS.

Glory to God on high !  
Speech and sight confounding,  
Fire from the Lord hath fallen,  
And consumed the sacrifice :

Prostrate sink the congregation  
Nerveless and unmanned.  
Merciful heaven, recal  
My senses, that they wander not.  
The wood, the stones, the dust,  
Are vanished into clouds of smoke  
That breathe a fragrantcy divine ;  
While the swift combustion  
Hath drunk the waters of the trench, and left  
The broad capacious bottom singed and bare.

## PEOPLE.

The Lord he is the God ! the Lord he is the God !

## ELIAS.

Who then are these ? What wonder if the land  
For your offence be barren, while the feet  
Unhallowed and unblest of idol priests  
Pollute the sacred region ? Plenty ne'er  
Shall answer to your tillage, benison  
Shall never crown your dwelling, till their blood  
Make expiation. Seize them, bear them hence  
To death : let none escape.

## PRIEST.

O horror—horror—  
Chain, torture, starve ; more miserable make us  
Than want and leprosy ; trample us down  
Like a vile bondsman or a bondsman's slave,  
So we but live : or grant us a delay,  
A little respite, for an hour, a moment ;  
We ask no more : ye will not slay us yet,  
While prostrate thus and fainting lies the king,  
Whose oath was pledged for our defence. O think  
Of your allegiance, and deny him not,  
Your own anointed sovereign, time to breathe,  
And speak his will.

## PEOPLE.

We know not if he live  
Or die ; and we ourselves may perish next,  
If we delay : alive or dead, his power  
Avails you not.



ELIAS.

It is no question now  
Of earthly potentate ; a mightier hand  
Is working, and the King of kings hath fixed  
Unchangeably your doom : I may not spare,  
And therefore will not hear you. Men of Israel,  
Yours is the ministry : but lest they fall  
On consecrated ground, to Kishon's stream  
Drag the devoted throng, and slay them there.

ABDIAS.

Bewildered and astounded I forget  
My duty to the king, whose lengthened swoon  
May stretch to dissolution. Chafe his brows,  
And gently bend him forward : he respires :  
I feel the pressure of his hand.

AHAB.

O misery !  
Call me not back ; methought I had escaped

To sleep and darkness : plunge me not again  
Into the fiery deep.

ABDIAS.

Press not around  
So closely ; give him air : he scarcely breathes,  
And knows not what he utters.

AHAB.

Still no hope  
Of pardon ? yet awhile forbear me—quench  
Th' intolerable flame.

ABDIAS.

What means my lord—  
What means the king of Israel ?

AHAB.

Let me sleep,  
Let me sleep on for ever : wake me not  
To pangs infernal.

ABDIAS.

Be not thus dismayed :

There is no cause : revive thee, and arise :

Look round, my sovereign.

AHAB.

Am I not ingulfed

In sulphurous seas of everlasting flame ?

The light that blinds me, is it not the blaze

Of conflagration ? and the winds I feel,

Are they not rolling fire ? Where is the fierce

Refulgent hierarch, that struck me down

To nethmost hell ? even yet demoniac screams

I hear, and see a thousand hideous things

That language has no name for. Near me stand,

Abdias, and nearer yet : thy presence cheers,

And will protect me.

ABDIAS.

Let the king recal

His scattered thoughts : no enemy is nigh :

And all may yet be well.

## AHAB.

How deep a gloom  
Saddens the twilight ; what a silence awes  
The listening world ! why am I thus alone ?  
And ah !—what sudden change of horror comes ?  
Again I hear the fiendly yell, and groans,  
Deep groans of death.

## CHORUS.

The prophets of the groves,  
And Baal's priests, are by the people hence  
To slaughter borne ; and Kishon's channel flows  
Impurpled with their blood.

## AHAB.

Evil betide  
The tongue that tells me so. And who hath dared  
Such treason ?—Fool to ask—there is but one  
Would so presume, so desperately defy  
The majesty of kings. And art thou here,  
O enemy of Israel ! Get thee gone  
Into thy solitudes, thy rocks and dens,

And with thy woodland savages consort,  
Fiercer thyself than they : hence, and beware :  
Exult not—I shall find a time—

## ELIAS.

At least

'Tis now no time to threaten or blaspheme,  
When here, as erst on Sinai, walks the Lord  
In more immediate presence ; whose approach,  
Rocking earth's vast rotundity, unbars  
With unimaginable touch the dark  
Abode of clouds and dew. I hear the sound  
Of an abundant rain : arise, retire,  
And speedily with needful sustenance  
Repair thy vigour, wasted with the fast  
Of this eventful day. Myself the while  
To Carmel's top in meditation go,  
And wait the benediction.

## CHORUS.

As he went,  
His hair, his beard, and all his visage streamed  
With unction of celestial light ; his feet

Disdained the ground ; and gliding through the air  
He seemed an angel ministrant, from earth  
In glory re-ascending to the sky.

## AHAB.

He takes upon him state, and gives command  
As though he were a king ; and (shame to speak)  
I bear it ; for he has me in the toils,  
And holds me captive : his the present hour :  
The future may be mine.

## CHORUS.

How hard for pride  
To think submission ! Frowning he departs,  
And in a hot distemperature : so looks  
The famished lion, when by force repelled  
From his new-grappled prey : heaven subjugate  
The mutiny of his will, and soften down  
That stubborn heart.

## ABDIAS.

Unhappy is the land  
Whose prophets prophesy deceit, whose priests

False visions see, and dream delusive dreams,  
Whose counsellors in idol fanes bow down,  
Whose monarch swerves from virtue ; peril then,  
And woe and pestilence are nigh : abroad  
The venom flies, and far and wide the realm  
Is tainted by example.

## CHORUS.

## Wonderful

Is the mercy of Jehovah,  
Waiting long, and sending oft,  
Early and late, the monitors  
Of penitence, the blest ambassadors  
Of peace and pardon : full of wonder  
Are all the works of God !  
Children's children shall proclaim  
The history of this hour :  
Sacred no less to memory than the voice  
Of visitation and of woe,  
When from Gilgal came  
The chiding angel of the Lord  
To Bochim ; and the people wept  
At his rebuke, and sacrificed

Before the Lord with praise  
And remorseful supplication.  
In wrath remembering mercy,  
The God of Israel hath withdrawn  
The blast of his displeasure : yon expanse  
Of lucid atmosphere shall gloom  
With gathering vapours, while the clouds  
Drop fatness down.

## ABDIAS.

What power hath zeal ! with what a lion heart  
Jehovah's servants work his will ! the rage  
Of kings, the scorner's mockery, and th' uproar  
Of anarchy and slaughter cannot shake  
Their stedfast soul : the moon may hide her beams,  
The mid-day sun grow pale, the morning stars  
Like lightning fall from heaven ; but undismayed  
Appeal they to the Mercy-seat on high,  
And faithful as the sun their orb perform.

## CHORUS.

Their progress is from strength to strength,  
From perfection to perfection,



Mounting indefectible.  
Such the perennial influences  
That sanctify th' elect of God  
With imbreathed incorruption ;  
Such the consolatories  
Which in the glass of contemplation seen,  
Imparadise the soul,  
From her poor tenement of clay  
Aspiring on imperishable plume  
To pass the barriers that disjoin  
The feeble child of pain and sorrow,  
With dim mortality eye-filmed o'er,  
From the beatific vision  
Of the inexpressive Sire.

## ABDIAS.

Yet bartering (mindless of religion's bliss)  
Our birth-right for the transitory gust  
Of appetite, the Canaanitish gods  
Have we enshrined and worshipped. Scarce three  
years  
In blight and drought and famine groaned away,  
And scarce the heaven-enkindled sacrifice

Could discipline our wandering to draw back  
From the high-ways of hell. But clemency,  
Outrunning our contrition, to the fields  
Gives harvest now : health in our palaces,  
And peace and plenteousness within our walls.

## CHORUS.

How terrible, O Lord !  
The tabernacles of thy power, when veiled  
In dark severity thy countenance  
Is hidden from created eye,  
On the right-hand unapproached,  
On the left invisible.  
O Lord ! how excellent  
The tabernacles of thy power,  
When mercy lightens up the drear obscure,  
Diffusing over earth and heaven  
The sunshine of immeasurable peace.  
How oft, when war and servitude  
Had visited our sin, and left  
Our joyous cities pale,  
And solitary as the pelican  
Or desert owl,

Have the legions of Jehovah  
With emblazonry of light  
Environed us, and given  
To our scant battle and unpractised arms  
Strength irresistible to blast  
The pride of heathen kings.  
For this the prophetess forsook  
Her judgment-seat beneath the spreading palm  
In Ephraim mount, and with Abinoam's son  
Led their ten thousand to subdue  
The numberless array and iron host  
Of Jabin's tyrant realm :  
For this the valiant sword  
Of him from Abiezer smote,  
When his three hundred scared the camp  
Of Midian, and with rout and slaughter chased  
Their myriads over Jordan, and o'erthrew  
The remnant fifteen thousand that encamped  
In Karkor with their death-doomed kings,  
Zebah and Zalmunna :  
For this the matchless Nazarite  
Pulled down the vault of Gaza's fane  
Upon the heads of populace and peer,  
Amid their idol revelry,

With all their sculptured Gods,  
That with himself a nation lay intombed.  
O ! if obdurate still  
In heathen groves we burn  
Incense, and eat the offerings of the dead,  
Was never guilt like ours,  
Nor like ours shall be perdition.  
God of our fathers ! shield us from the curse  
Of unrepented sin :  
Else—but wherefore strays  
Adown my cheek th' involuntary sorrow ?  
And wherefore weighs dejection  
So heavy on my heart ?  
Museful Melancholy  
Hath led me to a vale of shadows  
And fastnesses of death ;  
Where enlabyrinthed I wander  
In wild presageful woe.  
In other spheres I roam,  
And sounds of other ages hear—  
Heavy tidings, doleful vision,  
A slaughtered people, ravaged fields,  
And cities wrapt in penal fire.  
The dreadful implement of wrath,

The conqueror from Assyria comes :  
And prince and people in captivity  
And exiled bondage pine.

## ABDIAS.

The king returns : impetuous and uneven  
His gait ; and in the working of his brow  
I read unquiet thought.

## AHAB.

Why did I hope  
For solace ? rest and ease are gone for ever.  
What am I but a shadow of the king,  
If thus defied I cannot stretch an arm  
Against one rebel life ? my very breath  
I draw in pain, till I have blood for blood.  
Yet tell me, Abdias (for my troubled soul  
But ill remembers), did he not predict  
The near approach of rain ?

ABDIAS.

Such was his word :

And well we know, from those heaven-tutored lips  
No promise ever vain or frustrate fell.

AHAB.

It cannot be. What power hath he to bind  
Or loose the clouds ? My royalty and pride  
Cry out amain, revenge ! and for revenge  
I will envisage the most hideous shape  
That danger can put on. But who is this,  
What breathless messenger, whose violent speed  
Outstrips the wind ?

MESSENGER.

By me Elias greets  
The sovereignty of Israel, and forewarns  
Thy chariot and thine horsemen to prepare,  
And with dispatchful haste to Jezreel ride,  
Ere yet the rain-swollen torrents intercept  
Thy progress.

## AHAB.

Who and what, and whence art thou,  
And where thy sender ? where the pluvial haze,  
The vaporous breezes, the meteorous sigus  
And harbingers of rain ?

## MESSENGER.

I am the son  
Of that poor widow underneath whose roof  
In Zarephath the man of God sojourned,  
And day by day miraculously fed  
Our penury : and when a sore disease  
Had wasted me to death, his pity heard  
My mother's frantic cries, and by his prayer  
Recalled me from the grave : that life redeemed,  
To him and to his service I devote,  
In fond though weak requital. When he left  
Thy presence, mighty prince, on me he called  
To follow him ; and instant as the word,  
I was caught up ; smooth sailing on the deeps  
Of the thin atmosphere, aloft we went

To Carmel's top ; and at a cavern's mouth  
Beneath the rugged brow the prophet paused,  
And on a rock sat down, and o'er his face  
Folded his mantle, and reclined his head  
In tongueless ecstasy of meditation.  
At length he bade me scale the craggy peak  
That overhangs the cave, and look abroad  
Upon the western waves ; abroad I looked,  
But not a speck nor breath was in the skies.  
The boundless ocean slept, th' horizon glowed  
With tranquil red, and lethargy had lulled  
Earth and the circumambient glimmering air.  
Seven times again at his command I climbed,  
And seaward looked : the seventh time I beheld  
A small and misty cloud, like human hand,  
Arising from the deep. The prophet then,  
Bade me in chariot of the wind ride hither  
And warn the king to Jezreel, ere the rain  
Obstruct his way.

## CHORUS.

Adorable Supreme !  
What thanks, what praise, what blessings can repay



Thy boundless grace ! The Godhead comes : the  
    skies  
Are black with clouds and wind.

## AHAB.

How darksome hours  
The tempest ; mingling heaven and earth : he comes,  
With whirlwind armed and thunder : follow me,  
Abdias, and let us hence ; with heavy heart  
And heavy tidings to my queen I go,  
Ere yet the volleyed lightning strike me dead.

## CHORUS.

What means yon arrowy flame  
Air-kindled on the mountain's murky brow ?  
Is it a star from heaven  
Gliding down the craggy steep  
In lengthening stream of fire ?  
It comes upon me, and assumes  
The stature, and the motion  
And lineaments of Adam's sons :  
It is himself, the wonderous seer,

Th' intelligencer divine !  
What hand upbears thee, wings thy speed,  
And vestures thee in blaze  
Of majesty and lustre that confound  
My mortal vision ?  
Come not in avenging glory,  
Like the minister of wrath,  
Who from Dan to Beërsheba  
His seventy thousand slew,  
Till beside Araunah's floor  
The voice of mercy stayed  
His hand, already stretched abroad  
To destroy Jerusalem.

## ELIAS.

The Spirit of the Lord  
Is on me, and I honour in the sight  
Of Israel's heritage their hard-ruled king.  
Space still is lent him, still he breathes,  
Not yet irrevocably cast  
To condemnation.  
To Jezreel gates I run,  
A living torch before the royal car,

To guide his wheels unerring and secure,  
Through perilous pass and rugged plain,  
Up dizzy mount, and into dell profound,  
Amid the dense tempestuous gloom  
Of whirlwind and of midnight.

## CHORUS.

Dazzling and momentary as the flash  
Of lightning east and west illumining  
The storm-fraught clouds, or interlunar dark,  
The prophet disappeared : the neighing steeds,  
The shouting charioteers, and acclamation  
Of the wild populace already speak  
The sovereign's course begun. From Kishon's banks  
The congregation flocking, upward gaze,  
And passionately catch, and in the palm  
Of every hand with glad astonishment  
Shew each to each the first prelude drops  
Of long-wished rain. Slumbrous serenity  
Hushes the welkin, and in moisture pure,  
Soft-trickling as the dew on Gideon's fleece,  
And seasonable and mild, all heaven distils—  
Sweeter than honey, richer than the gold

Of Ophir. Faster now, and faster yet  
The pattering treasures fall : the whistling winds  
Renew their battles, and amain  
Roars the dread-bolted thunder.

What sable oceans roll,  
Shrouding Carmel's head !  
They burst : the firmamental floods  
In deluges descending, from his sides  
Rebounding smoke. Lord of eternity !  
Glory and honour, might, dominion, praise,  
To Thee on earth be ever sung,  
As in the immortal paradise  
Where Thou reignest evermore,  
Clouds and darkness rolled around thee,  
Mercy and truth the habitation of thy throne,  
The full-voiced Cherubim resound,  
Day and night and without end,  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

THE END.

## NOTES.

---

(a).—Page 3.

The round towers of Ireland have been described as watch-towers (or beacons) as belfries, as places of penance, and as fire-temples ; but as Mr. Rickman observes, in his admirable essay on Gothic Architecture, “ their particular service is very difficult to assign.”

(b).—Page 3.

Here occurs a slight (and the only) deviation from literal fact. The result of the race was, as here stated : but we did not personally witness it ; being engaged in the Gap of Dunlow.

(c).—Page 10.

“ Mountain-dew ”—alias Whiskey.

(d).—Page 15.

“ Upland of the Boar ”—“ Turk-Mountain ”—from *Torc, a Boar*.

(f).—Page 43.

The solemn effect produced by the echo of one deep bugle-note, is finely appropriate to the savage grandeur of Glenna-Copul, “ The Horse’s Glen.”

# ERRATUM.

Page 71, stanza 20, line 4, "So Soothe" should be "To soothe."



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY  
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-50m-7,'54(5990)444

THE LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



PR Hoyle -  
4809 Three days at  
H55t Killarney

PR  
4809  
H55t

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 376 238 2

